

The Revolution.

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PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST.

A PORTUGUESE SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely as they turn from praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XXIX.

MANCHESTER, August, 1869.

WOMEN AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THIS Congress of *Savans* which has just been held at Exeter was attended as usual by a large number of ladies. Amongst those particularly mentioned in the newspapers were Miss Mary Carpenter, characterized as "the well known philanthropist and promoter of industrial and reformatory institutions," and we may add of education amongst the women of India. Mrs. Herbert Thomas, sister to Miss Carpenter, whose name is well known in philanthropic as well as scientific circles, Miss Burdett Coutts, "the working man's friend." Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Buckingham, Miss Becker, besides other names of local interest. Some of these ladies, with a number of gentlemen, members of the Association, visited the Industrial Schools at Exminster. After the party had inspected the workshops which were highly approved of by all, especially Miss Carpenter, the boys were addressed by the Earl of Devon, the Mayor, Miss Carpenter, the Rev. D. Vignoles and others.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS.

This lady possesses those rare concomitants, wealth, and a capacity to make a wise disposal of it. Her last act of beneficence, the gift of a magnificent market house to the east end of London, has been the subject of grateful and

glowing articles in every journal of the Metropolis. Writers devoted to the aesthetic elements describing the grand and stately preparations and the not less exquisite details of the architecture; while others remarked on its excellent Hygiene arrangements. Others again of more didactic turn, commended the moral precepts sculptured in the stone and the still more practical rules for the regulation of the traffic. Whilst the philanthropist proper, descended on the civilizing and elevating tendencies which such a market place, thus wisely ordered, must have upon the masses of human beings which throng the courts. Miss Burdett Coutts herself assisted at the opening ceremony which was conducted in solemn dedicatory form by a dignitary of the Church.

The lecture to working men, to which as usual an evening of the Scientific Congress was devoted, was this year by Professor Miller, F. R. S., the subject being the composition of the Sun and other heavenly bodies, illustrated by the Spectrum. Over two thousand of the working men of Exeter and their families attended to hear this lecture, and the dense mass of upturned, intent, and intelligent countenances was an impressive sight from the platform. Before the lecture began a noteworthy incident occurred. Miss Burdett Coutts was on the platform, and, the fact being whispered about, one of the audience, at the bottom of the hall, proposed, "Three cheers for Miss Burdett Coutts, the working man's best friend." The whole audience started to their feet and responded with loud cheers to a call which seemed to touch every one present. The beloved honored lady rose from her seat and stepping to the front of the platform bowed several times appearing much gratified, and this called forth another ringing cheer.

THE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN AT HITCHIN.

This formed the subject of a paper at the Congress of which the following is a condensed report:

Mr. James Heywood, M.A., F.R.S., read a paper "On the Examination-Subjects for Admission into the College for Women at Hitchin." He explained that the College at Hitchin was designed to hold, in relation to girl's schools and home teaching, a position analogous to that occupied by the universities towards the public schools for boys. It was proposed to raise the sum required for building and other preliminary expenses by public subscription, and by the sale of a limited number of presentations. The fees will be fixed on a self-supporting scale. Mr. Heywood gave a detailed account of the examination ladies will have to pass in order to gain admission into the colleges; this examination being dispensed with in the case of those who pass the Cambridge and Edinburgh Local examination for Session students. An entrance and scholarship examination was held in July, when, of 17 candidates, 12 passed. Another examination will be held October 5th. The college will be opened on the 16th October. The whole course will occupy three years, about the half of each year being spent in the college. The charge for board, lodging, and instruction, £35 per term. Efforts will be made to obtain for students admission to the examinations for degrees at Cambridge. Application will be made to the University of Cambridge to hold examinations of the students.

MISS BECKER ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The next paper read in the section for Economic Science was by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, "On the Method of Teaching Physical Science," and in the discussion, which followed upon the preceding paper, Miss Becker took the lead. According to the *Exeter Gazette*, Miss Becker spoke with "terseness, point and modesty, and carried her hearers very much with her in the claim she put forth for higher education for women." She was supported in her opinions by all the best and most competent speakers. "Miss Becker's happy little speech," adds the editor, "rendered her quite a popular personage in the section." Here is a brief summary of it, and the remarks which followed the approval of it:

Miss Becker was handsomely received by the audience. She said the feelings of pleasure with which she had listened to the last paper must have been shared by every one present, but her own pleasure was mixed with pain because no reference whatever was made to the scientific education of girls, the inference being, in this case, as in so many others, that when boys have got all they want, a little supplementary attention should be given to girls. (Laughter.) She begged to acknowledge with thanks, the exertions of the President of the Section, Sir Stafford Northcote, in Parliament, to obtain a better recognition of the claims of women. (Applause.) Looking round at the British Association, and seeing how many eminent men were assembled in Exeter, she could not help thinking that, for every eminent man in the British Association there would have been an eminent woman if the women had similar opportunities. (Applause.) She imagined the British Association accompanied in its annual visits from town to town by the shadows and ghosts of the women who would have contributed to the total results of science if the same facilities afforded to men had been granted to women. (Laughter and applause.) Mr. Tuckwell had spoken of the great advantage of receiving boys at school who came from the influences of an intelligent home, but how could we have an intelligent home without an intelligent woman at the head of it? (Applause.) Then reference had been made to the difficulty of obtaining efficient teachers, especially in science; but if they went to the ladies they would find the teachers they wanted. Then in modern languages women had been found apt students and effective teachers. Teaching was a special gift, and it was found extensively among women. If we kept half the nation in ignorance of what was wanted we very much curtailed our chances of arriving at the desired results. (Applause.)

The Rev. John Ingle agreed with Miss Becker that ladies possessed great teaching powers and he for one would be glad to see those powers utilized in education to a much larger extent than at present. Mr. Ingle then proceeded to express, as the result of his knowledge and experience of teaching, a strong opinion against the introduction of systematical scientific instruction into schools, as it could only be done at the expense of ordinary education, and he contended that classics and mathematics were a better training for the intellectual faculties of the young than science.

Mr. Webster, Q.C., Dr. Gladstone, Lord Houghton, Sir John Bowring, and Mr. Ackland, M.P., spoke favorably of Mr. Tuckwell's views, and they also coincided mainly in what Miss Becker had advanced. Capt. Griffith Jenkins made an appeal on behalf of the education (in training-ships and otherwise) of the "Arab" boys of the streets.

The President, in a few remarks at the conclusion of the discussion, expressed himself favorable towards an extension of female education.

The announcement, on a subsequent day, that

Miss Becker would read a paper attracted a large number to the Biology Section. The subject was the alteration caused by the development of a parasitic fungus in the structure of the *lychnis de vita*, one group of which the Ragged Robin is the type.

SUCCESS TO WOMEN OF SCIENCE!

At the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, three ladies—one French, one Russian, and one American—have just passed their examinations brilliantly.

Mrs. Arnott, wife of Dr. Niel Arnott, gave, not long ago, £2,000 for scholarship in Natural Philosophy to two Ladies' Colleges in London.

I mentioned, some weeks since, the progress of Industrial Education amongst women in France. At the recent meeting of the Co-operative Association in London, one of the speakers referred to the success which Madame Lemounier has had in carrying out the union of industrial with general education in her schools in Paris, now under the management of Madame Sauvestre; in contrasting it with the limited success which has attended the same effort at the Cornell University, he spoke as follows: "What a rebuke to the attitude of the Cornell Professors was the victory, patiently and quietly won by the schools organized by Mme. Lemounier in Paris, where female students had accomplished all that they proposed to do, which the youths of Ithaca had thus far failed to achieve!" I quote from Mrs. Butler. To-day's paper gives still more recent views of the Industrial Schools of Paris, which I subjoin:

THE PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.—Last week the distribution of prizes took place at the school in the Rue de Turenne, Paris, one of the educational institutions under the direction of the Society for the Professional (or more correctly industrial) Education of Women. The meeting took place in the garden of the establishment, and was presided over by Madame Jules Simon, who was supported on the occasion by Mesdames Millard, Cohn, Morellet, and other ladies well known in connection with this particular educational movement. A great many gentlemen were also present—men of science and letters, advocates, and artists. Among others were present MM. Garnier-Pagès, Jules Simon, the Count d'Etampes, and Dr. Hebert. The proceedings were opened by Madame Jules Simon, who, in the course of her address, said: "You will doubtless be surprised, my dear children, to hear that the opening of this institution aroused the most violent opposition. Some people have brought against us the curious complaint that we not only teach you hygienes, botany, and chemistry, but also show you how to turn to pecuniary profit your knowledge of these subjects. Strange, is it not, that the acquisition of scientific knowledge, and the practical application of that knowledge, should be regarded as blameworthy and hurtful? The profession of sick-nurse seems to us to be one of those peculiarly fitted for the mental endowments of women. Pay attention to hygienes, and to the ways of rendering the home prosperous and comfortable; devote yourself to children, studying their peculiar ways, so that you may be better able to take care of their health; soothe the infirmities of the old, which is a duty so natural to woman that we see her performing it in all families where there is such duty to be done—performing it always with pleasure and good will, but not always with sufficient light. From this point—the discharge of a common family duty—and the undertaking the profession of a trained sick-nurse as a means of gaining a livelihood there is in respect of fitness only the difference of the instruction you receive here." Madame Simon concluded her address with the following words: "In addition to attention to work, which is your necessary future, you must cultivate good morals, of which you have had the precepts and good examples in this place. Do your duty, even when that duty is painful. Labor! and when you find your work too hard, come back among us to recruit your energies (*sous retrêver*); here you will always find affection, support, and that sweet fraternity which makes life better and more easy to bear."

THE CLAIMS OF WOMEN AND HOW TO SATISFY THEM.

This is the subject of an article which has

just appeared in the *Morning Star* (London), and which taking for its text the sentence that "nothing ought to be said on this question which is not of the nature of narrow and hard reasoning," argues against "declamation," as a serious injury to the cause. While admitting that "the extreme injustice to which women are legally subjected, and the evils which this legal subjection entails morally on the whole community, men as well as women, are very capable of declamatory treatment," it objects to such a mode of dealing with the question, and contends that nothing should be said upon it which hard-headed men can find an excuse for shirking, or at least, for pretending to meet with a serious answer. These remarks in the *Star* are called forth by a severe review which has appeared in the columns of that arch-enemy of progress, the *London Times*, on the volume of *Essays on Woman's Work and Woman's Culture*, noticed in my letter last week. Before accepting the dictum of any editor, or being guided by the light even of the *Morning Star*, it is well to examine the basis of his argument, and in order to do this we are driven back to definitions. Dr. Johnson defines *declamation* as "a discourse addressed to the passions." I refer your readers to my brief *resume* of the work in question to disprove this description of the practical and argumentative Essays in the volume edited by Mrs. Butler. Had the writer in the *Star* read it, I am inclined to think that the wisdom which is found in the counsel of many minds, and which these essays amply furnish, would have forbidden the use of the word "declamation" as wholly inappropriate to them. As well would a skeleton represent the wavy outline, and dignity, and grace, and beauty of the Venus de Medici as a bare statement of facts and figures put us in possession of the multi-form aspects of the Woman question. But to turn from imagery to reality. The conclusion arrived at by the writer in the *Star* marks the advance of public opinion, and will to your mind, atone for his mistake. Here it is: "Everything that happens in connection with the movement about women shows the superior expediency of making the removal of political disabilities the first and central issue. Give to women the power of making their wishes and interests fairly heard, with a political, and not merely literary, responsibility and influence, and then, and not until then, will it be possible, with any resemblance to fairness and authority, to say what it is that they do, or do not want. If it be true that they are perfectly happy and content, wanting nothing, and incapable of wanting anything more than they have got, so be it. If it be true that half the human race has no interests, then to have given them the franchise would do no harm that we can see. If, on the other hand, which is just possible, they have special interests which need protecting, then, that they should have no means of making their voices heard, except indirect and artificial means, is wholly inconsistent with everything that men have ever meant by representative government."

WOMAN AS REGINA.

Some weeks ago I mentioned the death of a Begum, or native princess, of India, an ally of our government, who was distinguished for her wisdom as a ruler. At the annual dinner of the Cobden Club, which is identified with the principles of Free Trade, which took place lately in London, the Duke of Argyll, who was in the chair, remarked, in the course of his speech, that: "It had recently been his duty to lay be-

fore the Queen some official dispatches from India, giving an account of the death of the Begum of Bhopal, a very remarkable person, whose dominions formed one of the best governed states of India, according to the official reports from that country. This princess, in the course of her reign, had abolished monopolies and many other evils, had reduced taxation, endeavored to improve the legislation of her country, and introduce European institutions, and had thus largely promoted the happiness of her people. The Queen, as a mark of her approbation and gratitude, to this princess, had sent her the insignia of the Star of India, soon after the great meeting—in which she rendered signal service to our government—a token which she declared she valued more than millions of treasure. When the death of the Begum was made known to the Queen, she directed her Secretary for India to communicate to the princess, who succeeds to the throne of Bhopal, her deep condolence with her on the death of her mother, and her earnest hope that her reign would be as distinguished as that of the departed princess, and that she might live long to emulate the example of her noble mother.

I am yours truly, REBECCA MOORE.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

LIBRARY HALL, Chicago, Friday, P.M.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Sitting in "Library Hall," listening with one ear to the earnest words of Rev. C. Dillingham (who is at this moment occupying the floor), with the other, I seem to hear the question coming up from many who are waiting for tidings from Chicago, "What of the Convention?" Look into Library Hall, study the faces of the men and women here assembled, and you will know that the great *reserve force* of intellect, will and moral courage evinced by them, prophecy the certain success of Woman Suffrage.

On this second day, the afternoon session, the Hall is filled with a large, earnest audience—not so strictly fashionable as you might call from the aristocracy of wealth, but such an audience as comes alone from the true aristocracy of America, the aristocracy of intellect and souls. The women here to-day are queens and princesses, and their right royal dominion is the human heart.

Mrs. Livermore presides elegantly, as usual. Lucy Stone pleads and convinces in her peculiarly earnest manner. Miss Anthony insists upon the necessity of organization, and practical work. Judge Wait uses his powerful arguments. Mr. Blackwell speaks earnestly and endeavors to convince men that the elevation of women means the elevation of humanity, and hence is of vital importance to the men of the republic as well. Just at this point Mr. Dillingham insists that the newspaper editors burlesque this movement because they are obliged to set their tables to suit their guests, whereupon Mrs. Willard brought down the house by saying that this remark would certainly prove that there was very little moral courage among men. But I was endeavoring to autograph the platform.

Here are daintily-robed women and becomingly-habited men. Lily Peckham, in white pique and piquant in speech and manner, elderly women in lustreless black silks, young women in dainty suits of drab and blue and green, form a pleasing picture, because the faces adorn the clothes instead of being the figure-head of a wax figure! Please imagine all the beautiful things I might say, because Mrs. Livermore

has evoked a storm of applause by a spicy review of the attitude of the newspapers of this city towards the Woman question. We feel especially grateful to Professor Stone for his earnest appeal to our colleges to open their doors to women, for we insist (although pleading guilty to all womanly characteristics, therefore supposed to be illogical) that the most absurd logic of the world is that which expects strong-minded, heroic, manly sons, from weak-minded, ignorant mothers.

This seems to be the key-note of the speeches—that the great need of the country, to-day, is the cleansing of the body politic by the pure mothers of the country.

Hon. S. N. Booth now occupies the floor, and is making a forcible argument.

Lily Peckham is announced for one of the speakers of the evening; the audience increases, the room is warm, and so we say "adien," in order that, like the boys "who ran away, we may live to skate another day."

LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

THE REBUKE OF A FRIEND.

MY DEAR S. B. ANTHONY: Owing to double sight, oversight, or no sight at all, the story entitled, "A Broadside from Maine," was marked by some one in your office, "To be continued." An examination of the MS. will show that no such words were written there, and an examination of the printed article will also show that the story is ended. True, I did not treat the subject as I should have for the New York *Ledger* or the *Western World*, contenting myself with a simple narration of facts, realizing that THE REVOLUTION desires facts in all cases. I might have drawn upon my imagination, and represented the husband as a changed man from that out, but that remains to be seen, and when I am put in possession of such a truth, the public shall have it immediately. I shall commence, however, in the course of a few weeks, a true story, entitled "Fashionable Vice," which I trust will be both readable and useful; useful in the grandest sense of the word, in showing up the misery and actual wickedness resulting from a few of our long-established statutes and customs.

Now, my friend, a word in reference to the behaviour of women in public. It must be admitted by this time that our sex do not as yet understand the amenities of the platform. Scarcely to be wondered at. Men have always monopolized these positions, and have, after thousands of years practice, grown to understand that each can use their own weapons according to their sharpness and efficiency in defending or breaking down whatever, to the best of their knowledge and belief, requires cudgeling or bolstering, and they scarcely ever quarrel about it. Women have just as good a right to differ in their opinions as men, and just as good a right to express this difference publicly; but when they stop to bicker and pelt the gravel of slander at each other, it is high time somebody made a note of it. In reading the *World* last week, "away down east," I was surprised to see that my friend, Miss Susan B. Anthony, was "ashamed" of me, for writing an article for *Packard's Monthly*, pronouncing the Working Woman's Association a failure. For a moment I was sorry that Susan was ashamed, and then common sense whispered that you had just as good a right to be ashamed as anybody.

Now, I am confident that you never would have made the statements concerning me you

did on that occasion, had you not supposed me present, and both willing and able to defend myself. I am well acquainted with your short-sightedness, and have always believed you incapable of stabbing a friend in the dark, but the world, the flesh, and the—saints do not, and cannot, realize this fact as I do. Had I been there, I should have been prepared to prove that S. B. A. has publicly deplored the same management which I make mention of in the magazine alluded to—that both she and Mr. Pillsbury, at a recent meeting of the Association, expressed the belief that the discussion of Suffrage, Marriage, Socialism, and the like were damaging to the best interests of the Association. Now, Susan, if you feel like battling with any person or opinion, you do it, and do it gloriously, too; then take off your glove and shake hands. Now, you must allow all those you have awakened to the subject of Woman's Rights to do the same thing, and please never again say that you are "ashamed" of a friend for any cause your judgment may censure, without first putting on your specs, and discovering, beyond a shadow of doubt whether that friend be present or not. Let us all be *just*, let us all be magnanimous, let us all remember that the world is looking at us, and that criminalizations and recriminations are not only in bad taste, but decidedly impolitic; and now, when so much depends on good natured co-operation, do let us endeavor, if we may not all agree (and that in my opinion would be a very stupid thing to do), we may at least all agree to disagree. That's the point—agree to disagree. I can't work with your tools, and you can't work with mine. God has given one a cudgel, another a hoe, another a sharp knife, another a two-edged sword, another a hammer, and how foolish and inconsistent to say unkind things of each other, when we are all pushing forward to the same goal, for the same end, only fighting with different weapons.

There now, I feel better, and am all ready to tell the truth again as soon as occasion offers.

ELEANOR KIRK.

FOWL PLAY.

I HOPE I shall not be accused of scandal, it in illustrating the striking analogy between flowers and feathers, I tell a curious story in hen-dom that passed under my own eye.

Among our flock was one young hen very beautifully marked, and evidently quite a leader of fashion, and the favorite of Mr. Rooster, who was a marvelous coxcomb, and governed his flock in a most regal fashion.

One morning Miss Speck appeared with rumpled feathers and a few evidently gone from her back. Of course we did not suspect our beauty of having been in bad company, but the Autocrat called the tribe together, and as they gathered round and listened to a lengthy speech, we noticed that poor Speck, with drooping head, was in the back ground instead of proudly at his side as usual. Presently the meal came in and they were busy, but not too busy to pluck and pick at Miss Speck till her beauty was all gone, and she edged up to us to get her share in peace. The next day she was gone, and after some search was found nesting among the swine. Being a little Jewish in taste, our sympathy for poor biddy vanished.

She remained an outcast till her beautiful plumage grew again and then she attempted to return to the flock, but her antecedents were remembered, the favorite of the coxcomb

pounced upon her, plucked a feather, and then the gentleman himself did the same, and so on till not a chick, in all the flock, but had one of poor Speck's feathers. The struggle was over, with drooping wings and a spiteful toss of her head, she uttered a squak and went down to her new friends. She made her nest close to them, hatched her chicks, and did her mother duties in and near the sty, picking up the worms as they rooted, eating from their trough and scratching in their wake, she brought up her chicks and never again sought to come to the henry. Now this may have been all very improper and highly immoral, and it was no doubt discussed in hen-dom with great zeal, for it was evident the feeling grew day by day more bitter, so that even her chicks were ostracised, and never allowed to come into the henry.

The study was curious, and reminded me of how often society makes its criminals and then punishes them. Sometimes a careless word or look, a perfectly innocent act is misunderstood, and is either willfully or accidentally distorted, and handed from one to another, till it becomes infamous and the person is ostracised and does not know why. The whole thing may be a malicious act.

To illustrate, a very beautiful young girl rejected the attentions of Mr. ——, a rich man. She was naturally reserved, and may have been haughty in her manner, he vowed revenge. In the same place lived a noted gossip, not an evil disposed person, never meant any harm, not the least in the world, but a bit of scandal was delicious. To this invaluable person went our young man, and dropped one or two words, then to another not quite so gifted a few words more, then a few insinuations, and the mischief was done, and in a month's time our young friend was the subject of the foulest scandal, the finger of scorn pointed at her, and but for the wisdom of her wise parents, the dear one might never have recovered her position. She felt the scandal before it reached her ears, and in her terror wanted to go from home. All preparations were made for her to go to England, but when her father learned the true state of things, he held her nearer than ever to him. Stern, cold, and haughty, to all save those he loved, he defied the scandal, and daily with the innocent, injured girl on his arm, was seen in the streets, the park, the concert, and lecture room, and so she was saved from herself and society; but the scandal is still occasionally revived and people hearing it after all these years are shocked and doubtful about the gentle matron whose life is a beautiful poem. Had she been an orphan and friendless, where would her place have been? an outcast with the pariahs, and sent there by Christian men and women, who have not yet learned the lesson which Christ taught so clearly in St. John, viii., 4-11.

The question often arises, will the time ever come when Christian women shall have hearts large enough to open a place for a woman that may have sinned and repented, or will they ever allow a place for repentance? Alas! not yet are there many so imbued with divine love that they are ready to hold out a helping hand. Even in works of charity, their manner says, Stand aside, I am holier than thou. But what of the man, the companion of sin? if he is rich and courtly, dear mama's receive him graciously and excuse his little faults.

We need new teachers of the gospel who will dare to insist upon woman having living wages

for her work, and the social position which her education may fit her for; teachers who have ears to hear the cry of the outcasts. Who can read the heart cries of one who went down into the depths, and not weep over her?

Deep into the depths!
Struggling all the day time weeping all the night time;
Writing away all vitality:
Talking to people, nations, tongues,
And kings that heed me not,
Cast out of my own kingdom on to the barren battle
plain of bloodless life.
A thousand foes advancing!
A thousand weapons glancing!
And I in the sternest scene of strife,
Panting wildly in the race,
Malice and envy on the track,
Fleet of foot they front me with their daggers at my
breast.

R. W. D.

MY REASONS.

BY DR. MARY P. SAWTELL.

(Concluded.)

THE lawyer's office was in the back room of an old wooden building used as a hotel. The great man, since Governor of Oregon, sat with his legs crossed, as if to assist in holding up the ponderous proportions above. He had a large frame, but it looked diminutive when compared with his mammoth stomach, which seemed to swell out like a gigantic protuberance on the side of a gnarled oak tree. His eyebrows were dense, coarse, brown and shaggy, and he looked to me as though he might have been at least half brother to the grizzly bear that roams the Sierras and had just gorged himself on an unprotected ranch of Digger Indian children. He seemed to understand our errand, and addressing his conversation to my master, at length asked, "What is the trouble between you?" My master replied, "Ask her; she is the one, I am not dissatisfied; she is the one." The lawyer took no notice of me. I didn't carry the purse. But annoyed at his answer, and knitting his shaggy brow, queried again, "Is there not some cause for jealousy? I see there is a great disparity in your years." My master, not understanding how necessary a plea of adultery is in an action for a successful divorce, for once told the truth, and growing incoherent, he swore there was no cause for jealousy, and the man that would accuse him of such a thing was a liar. At this the lawyer grew more perplexed, and taking rapid strides across the room, that shook the whole house, while a new thought lighted up his dull, phlegmatic face, he said, motioning his finger to my master, "Come with me;" and they withdrew to another apartment for a private interview. In a few minutes they returned. I left the office, and my master followed me, saying he wanted to talk with me a little privately, and proceeding, he said, "the lawyer tells me that neither of us can get a divorce unless I can prove that you have been false to your marriage vows." With the blood standing still in my veins, I replied, "You can never do that." "I know it, and I told the lawyer so, that you are as pure as an angel, and that your name is untarnished." "I will arrange that matter," the lawyer said, "if we can't prove any actual guilt, 'tis easy to hunt up slanderous stories to blacken women's characters; we always do in such cases; 'tis nothing. You get some of your hired men, or your neighbors, anybody, to start the reports, and I will see that they are circulated. I keep a hotel, and I will make them the table talk among my boarders. You know how ready men are to believe anything that is said against the char-

acter of any woman. If we can make it appear that your wife has been in the least indiscreet, we'll have no trouble in getting you a divorce, and giving the children to you. This is the cheapest. 'Twill save all your money for you, and in fact the only practical plan to pursue." This was the plot of the lawyer, as near as my master could tell it, and then he said to me, placing his thumb firmly over his finger, "I've got you right under my thumb, and I will do with you as I please, unless you drop this thing, and go home and live with me as my wife." I have no language to express the utter contempt I felt for him then. If I hated him before, I despised myself for ever having seen such an unprincipled wretch, and with indignation flashing in my eyes, I said, "You can't do so damning a deed, and if there are such foul fiends on earth, I want to know it. To live with such an inhuman monster would be like throwing innocent babes into the jaws of a crocodile to appease his wrath. My first impulse was to fly from his presence. Then came those piteous, beseeching tones—"O, mother, take me, too," and the little arms, "all white and dimpled," stretched out so imploringly to me for help, and I thought of the terrible desolation of their lives without a mother's care. They might be fed and clothed by other hands. But O, who could supply them with their God-given heritage—a mother's love? "It is not all of life to live." It was in that hour that I found I could talk, and there, on my horse, I plead with him, the father of my children; earnestly and well I told him that the lawyer was a demon in human form, and if he gave heed to such plottings he, and not me, would be the ruined one, that he would take his money and give him nothing for it. "Any man that will talk," said I, "as you say that lawyer did to you, will do anything for money. I wonder that you can trust him." Then I tried to make the poor fellow understand how eager and hungry he was for the case: that he cared for nothing but his gold. I knew I could not touch his heart only through his pocket; so I showed him how much less expense 'twould be for me to take the children to my mother's than for him to have them taken care of. He consented, and I took my children and came out of the wilderness a hundred and fifty miles to my mother's. But the little leaven started there in that law office had leavened the whole lump. From that bear's den, in every direction, the very air was filled with the vilest-blackest tales of slander which had even reached my poor old mother before me. It was midnight when I got to her home. She came out to meet me in her night-clothes. For a moment she held me at arms length, as if by her searching glances, even in the moonbeams' pale light, she would read the secrets of my soul. The doomed woman that my grey-haired friends had warned me that I would become, flashed through my mind as a sickening certainty, as I said, O God! mother, I am as pure as when you received me from his hands, and we both fell to the ground and thanked God that it was so. As this is simply an introduction to a book I am writing, I will have to skip over month after month, and leave much unsaid, and only briefly sketch even what I do write. I didn't care for a divorce, if I could be free to go to school with my children, and but for the scheming and plotting of the lawyer I might have been living happily with my children today. As fast as I could persuade him and get his consent to let me take the children to school with me, promising to pay all my own expenses,

the lawyer would influence him to keep the children himself, and go on with the case; thus the poor noodle was kept between two fires until his evil side overpowered him. He came, like a heathen monster, and tore my little children from the arms of their wretched mother, in spite of their pitiful cries to stay, and dragged them back to his home in the mountains. He wrote to the Atlantic states in succession for his mother, aunt, cousins, sister, and niece, who, each in turn, tried to live with him, but soon found they could not, and left him alone in his meanness. He then sent for a discarded brother-in-law, who was already in a decline, and needed constant care himself. There, in that old log-cabin, without one comfort in life, with none but this feeble old man to care for them, did the court decide that the children should stay, and after this old man, just tottering on the brink of the grave, had sworn falsely in court, had acted as agent in distributing bribes among other hired witnesses, and done the house work for my master and his children, deeded his three hundred and twenty acre land claim, and given him all his personal property; yet, when he was of no further service to him, he kicked him out, notwithstanding he had a written agreement for shelter, care and nursing in his house for his few declining days.

The poor old victim begged his way to my mother, saying he could not die in peace until he had sworn to a confession of what he and others had done to effect her daughter's ruin. My mother took him in, and cared for him in his last hours, like a sister. He died, and the Odd Fellows gave his body a brotherly burial, but the affidavit from his dying lips, sworn to before a Justice of the Peace, still lives and shall find a place in the coming book.

After my children were torn from me and taken back to the hut, I soon followed, and when their father told me that his lawyer had advised him to not allow me to see them, I could not believe such baseness could find a place in the human breast, but the next day I was forced to, when this shaggy-browed monster, the lawyer himself, since Governor of Oregon, rushed into the room where I was locked in the embrace of my children, had just clasped them to my bosom for the first time in four months, and dragged them screaming from the room, and hurried them away I knew not where. Then I thought it time to have a lawyer of my own, and see if there could not be wrung out some justice from the law. I borrowed fifty dollars, which I paid to a lawyer as a retainer to secure him against the bribes of my enemies. What a fool! How little I knew of the workings of the law to think that justice could be bought with so paltry a sum. Only fifty pieces on one side, against fifty thousand on the other. I don't think my lawyer could have been so easily bought in this case had he not been so poor, and had not his wife sent up such piteous wails that summer for silk dresses. He was a man of rather fine sympathies, but when he would do good, evil was present with him. He would a little rather do right than wrong when the temptation was not absolutely overpowering. And when my master and his shaggy-browed counsel offered him three thousand dollars to betray me, he at first indignantly spurned them and their gold. Again and again they held up the glittering bait before his hungry eyes, which he as often resolutely resisted; but poverty pressed him on every side; he longed to exchange his humble, unpainted cottage for a grand mansion, with gravelled walks. The trial

had been put off from time to time in order to let the scandalous stories get well circulated, but at length the time was set again, it was to be a little special court for this case alone, and just three days before the time, my lawyer found he had pressing business at a distance, but called to tell me to be of good cheer, that I would soon have my children, that the case was bound to be decided in my favor, and then I would be rich, as I would certainly get fifteen or twenty thousand dollars with the children for their support. The judge, too, had a great respect for him, and anything he might say in my behalf must have its weight, and he would tell a tale of horror that would chill their very heart's blood, and I should go to the court-room and hear the plea. I had not been allowed to know aught of the proceedings, because I was a woman, and my presence in the court-room would be sure to be taken as evidence of my being a coarse, vulgar woman, and so work against me. My lawyer had insisted all summer, too, that it was so much more modest to have depositions taken and not bring my witnesses into open court, especially my lady friends. And I find now, in looking over the records of the case on file in the clerk's office for that county, that my very honest and proper attorney must have considered it indecent to have even the depositions read in court, for I find no record kept of many of the most important ones.

The made up tales of slander went from month to month until I was in danger of being insulted, and had to keep myself secluded from the lecherous gaze of the idle, pork and tobacco-eating, whiskey-soaked sensualists that laid around that town.

They could find no one yet base enough to make oath to any of the stories, though they had a rumor of a man living two hundred miles away who, it was thought, would swear to anything. A desperate struggle must be made by my master and his counsel to keep the children, as whoever got the children must get the money. So the case was put off again. This new witness was their last refuge; a deputy-sheriff was sent in search of him, but when he was found he was too drunk to give his deposition, and when sober he refused to give it. This whole disgraceful matter is on record and will come out in the book. I had grown almost desperate at having the decision put off and put off, and now that they must have a little private court, I could bear it no longer, and told my counsel that immodest or not, I would have some witnesses summoned, gave him the names, and the sheriff, the only man in the lot, summoned them to appear on the 29th of November. Some of them lived miles away, still they came early in the morning, but the Court and his friends, not to be thwarted by a little woman, reached the court-house, closed the doors, and proceeded at once to give his decision, so that when my witnesses reached the hall, the judge said he would hear no more testimony, that his mind was already made up. Yes, I feared as much when, on the day before, I saw my master step into a store opposite my boarding-place, where I knew he had his money on deposit, and come out soon with a portmanteau on his arm, and I knew from the small bulk and great weight hanging down that it was his gold. I watched, with eager eyes, and imagine, if you can, how my heart sunk within me, when I saw him walk across the street, and enter the judge's room. I flew into the store to ask the merchant if my master had taken out his money. He said he had just this moment. My suspicions were

correct. All was lost. I staggered back to my room to find a letter from my lawyer, saying that he could not possibly be present at the trial, as he had bought a lot of hogs on credit which must be killed immediately and his creditors paid, or he would lose his reputation as an *honest man*. The court-room was crowded with men who had come there mostly to satisfy a morbid curiosity, and though the judge's mind was already "made up," yet that shaggy-browed fiend, my master's lawyer, stood up in their midst and reiterated all the base slanders that he himself had coined and been the most active in circulating, and abused and defamed me, a sick woman, unable to get off my bed, in the most shame-faced manner, that even a coarse-haired thing in human form could possibly do. The decree, of course, was all in favor of the one who carried the purse. No notice was taken of me. I had no rights that a man was bound to respect. A divorce was granted my master who was to have the children, one a babe, and pay all the costs of court. The judge who, by the way, has since been United States District Judge on this coast, was a coarse, red-haired man, with small eyes, bloated flesh, and distended abdomen. He said that I had no cause of complaint; that, though taken when a mere child and compelled to bear children until broken down in health, though compelled to work hard, and live on a coarse and scanty fare, deprived of the society of civilized people, yet it was within the law; that according to the law a man had a right to marry a child, even at the age of twelve, that the property belongs to the husband, even to the wife's wardrobe, and the money which he got of the missionary for my land was given to him, even my calico dresses; and the bed and fixtures that my mother gave me were to be his. And, as for whipping, the law gives the husband a reasonable restraint over the wife, that in fact he may whip her to death, provided the death don't take place within four days from the whipping. The world is still grieving because Socrates had to drink the poisonous draught, but I think 'twas right for him to bow his head to the decree; for he helped to make the laws of his country, and the law that he had helped to enforce against the meanest serf in the country was good enough for him. But God only knows how hard it has been for me to be a law-abiding citizen, and now, with tongue and pen, I protest against bending in meek submission to laws I never helped to make. And especially was it hard, after lying upon a bed of sickness for months and months, occasioned by my ill-treatment—and which took me down to the door of the grave—when pale and trembling I went to see my poor children, and found them in dirt and filth and rags, covered with vermin, their hair matted to their heads by ulcerated sores, to hear their piteous moans for their mother. O, how I wished for power to crush the unequal, man-made laws that thus cruelly trampled on the necks of the innocent and helpless! From time to time I have been to see them since, but could talk with them only as a friend speaks with a friend in prison, under the vigilant eye of a guard. Once I went to see them and found them at a wretched hovel in the midst of squalor and ignorance. The people had instructions not to let me see them at all, and at my approach had secreted them in a dark loft. The coarse, ignorant women were determined that I shouldn't see my children, but I appealed to the man who was working near by, and succeeded not only in gaining his

consent, but melted him to tears at the recital of my griefs. The children were allowed to come out of their gloomy hiding-place. They were overjoyed to meet me, but were compelled to suppress their feelings for fear of being punished. It was a cold, windy November day, and they were all only half-clad. My little five-year-old boy had on thin cotton clothes, with great holes worn through at the knees and elbows, his extremities were cold and his frail body was chilled through. I took him up in my bosom where he nestled as in days of yore, and wept and sobbed as though his little heart would break. Terrified, he told me in whispers how they had taught him that I was a bad woman, that I would steal him, and take him away off and abuse and whip him. "You wouldn't, mother, would you," said the child? "No, my little darling, but they won't let you go with me," said I. Then, we both wept together. O, how like breaking my heart-strings it was to go away and leave my children in such a place, and such a condition as the little boy was, covered from head to foot with the most offensive cutaneous eruptions. When I got home I sat down and wrote their father a long, touching letter, appealing to his better nature, begging him to use some of his abundant means in the better care of his children, and though they are still kept in ignorance, and poorly clothed and fed, yet I never find them in such destitution and filth as formerly. Though I am still prohibited to talk with them, as will be seen by the following card, which appeared in substance in a late paper over their father's signature:

NOTICE.

Mrs. ——, you are hereby notified to let my children entirely alone. I warn you not to molest, or talk to them, or influence them through any other person. The court gave me the exclusive control of said children, and a bill from you. And I further give notice to you to keep off my place and premises at your peril.

The men who have figured so conspicuously in this little drama will, no doubt, be proud to see their real names attached to such deeds of honor, a tithe of which has not been told, and in my book, they shall appear; for 'tis the only way they can ever hope to become famous, as they are now infamous; and it is just such a debt of gratitude I owe them.

A CHAPTER FROM "LA BIBLE DANS L'INDE"

BY LOUIS JACCOLLIOT.

Translated for The Revolution.

MANOU—MANES—MINOS—MOSES.

A MAN, calling himself Manou, gave to India some political and religious laws.

The Egyptian legislator received the name of Mauet.

A Crete repairs to Egypt to study in the institutions, to gain knowledge with which to endow his country, and history preserves his souvenir under the name of Minos.

Finally, the liberator of the enslaved tribe of Hebrews founds a new society and calls himself Moses.

Manou, Manes, Minos, Moses—these four names rule the ancient world completely; they preside at the cradle of four different nations, play the same parts, are surrounded by the same mysterious halo; all four are legislators, highpriests, all four found priesthoods and theocracies.

That one has proceeded from the others, with

Manou for their precursor, there can be no doubt, considering the similarity of names and the institutions founded by each.

In Sanscrit, Manou signifies excellent man-legislator.

Manes, Minos, Moses—do they not proceed from the same Sanscrit root? do they not show incontestably one origin? and may not the slight variations be attributable to the difference in pronunciation of the three tongues—Egyptian, Greek and Hebrew—from which would follow a change in spelling, corresponding to the genius and special forms of each language.

We have now, if we know how to follow it, the thread which will lead us through the labyrinth of ancient civilization, where we shall find much to convince us of the paternity of India, and of its direct influence on the nations of ancient times. Thereby we may trace to its origin the true source of revelation and religious tradition.

If we can prove that the Egyptian Manes, the Crete Minos, and the Hebrew Moses are but continuators of Manou, then it can no longer be denied that antiquity is but a Hindoo emanation, and easy will be the task we have taken to trace back to remote Asia the origin of the Bible, to prove that the influence of souvenirs of this cradle have influenced all ages. Jesus Christ came to regenerate the modern world, according to the example of Jezeus Christna, who regenerated the ancient world.

On the threshold of each new civilization appears a man, who, more intelligent than his brothers, imposes himself on the masses either as ruler or leader. As brute force, above all, is the supreme law, he seeks a support in this idea of a Supreme Being, bequeathed by the Creator to the consciousness of all; then he surrounds himself with a mysterious halo, dissimulating his origin; institutes prophets and celestial messengers, appeals to them to make more acceptable the fables, prodigies, songs, revelations, obscurities, which it is pretended, they alone can explain. All physical phenomena become under their hands, easy to render manifestations of celestial anger, appeased or raised at their will.

Hence the myths of all kinds, which surround the infancy of most nations; and history piously registers them without seeing that they are engraving ridiculous prejudices, and giving them authenticity; instead of combatting them, they are woven anew into romance and poetry.

By this means ambition was served, the people of ancient times were dominated, and to-day these same souvenirs are used for a similar object.

When Manou united himself to brahmins and priests to overturn the primitive society of the Vedas, then commenced the decadence and ruin of his country, it became stifled under a corrupt egotistical theocracy.

His successor, Manes, in subjecting Egypt to the domination of priests prepared it for immobility and oblivion.

And Moses or Moise pursued with equal success, the despotic rule of his predecessors, earning for them the pompous title of people of God, who were but a handful of slaves well disciplined to the yoke and constantly held in servitude by their stronger neighbors.

Athens and Rome produced, it is true, some flashes of free thought, some signs of independence, but being surrounded by imbruted and declining nations, they succumbed to the common fate, because they lacked strength to struggle against the general corruption.

A new era arose—a purified religious idea attempted the regeneration by morality, free thought and reason. But the christian philosopher became soon a revolutionist, for his successors, who left catacombs to sit on thrones, commenced from that time to change the prevailing principle and to substitute the sublime precept: "My kingdom is not of this world," for "the entire world is my kingdom."

Let us take heed that the Brahmanic time, sacerdotal and Levitical in India, in Egypt, and Judea, have nothing to compare with the horrors of the Inquisition, the massacres of Vandois and St. Bartholomew, for which Rome caused St. Peter to ring with a joyful *Te Deum*.

Henry of Germany, emperor and king, passing three days with his feet in the snow, his head bowed down under the hand of a fanatic priest, was not a disciple of Brahmin, Isis or Jehovah. Let us take heed.

1789 gave the signal for a struggle between those who, following the law of God, went forward in the conquest of progress and liberty, and those who made the law of God a pretext to destroy liberty and progress.

Feeble workers! let us look back and consider whether we would like to end as the nations of antiquity.

Let us cultivate the faith which thanks God for the reason which he has given us, and cast aside that which makes God instrumental in subjecting reason.

My purpose is to explain what the four names Manou, Manes, Minos, Moses teach me, what I draw from the history of the past, denuded of imaginations, prejudices, superstitions, a history which we should place before our children, in place of the conventional science which reigned in heroic and fabulous times, which raised altars to men-slayers, recognized sorcerers, pythones, miracles, God, the devil and revelation.

Before studying the political and religious influence of Manou in India, Egypt, Judea, Greece and Rome, I cannot resist the desire to lay before you the foundation of a course of history which it will be necessary to test sooner or later if we would regenerate it, and render conformable to humanity and our future aspiration.

I give only my personal ideas; let him who will, treat them as foolish. Those who admit them, will find some truths.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION

From the New York World.

THE NEWSPAPERS AGAIN OVERHAULED—THE WOMEN DISGUSTED WITH GREELEY'S POLITICAL ECONOMY—THE POLLING PLACES OF THE FUTURE—CASTLES AND FOUNTAINS IN THE AIR—THAT HORRID TOBACCO—MEN USEFUL THINGS IN THE HOUSEHOLD, AFTER ALL.

The Woman's National Suffrage Association held their regular weekly meeting yesterday at their rooms in Twenty-third street. The attendance was large, the room being filled to overflowing, the half dozen masculines among the audience being only too thankful to find a standing place on the stairs and listen to the words which fell from the fair orators within the room. Mrs. Stanton, the president, presided, and opened the meeting with a few remarks. She was followed by a gentleman named Gregory, who deplored the corruption of our political system, and said they did these things better in Switzerland.

THOSE RIDICULOUS HEADINGS.

A lady said that the New York Tribune of

September 3 headed its report of the meeting of the Working-Woman's Association as "The Wars of the Women." Beside that report thus designated stood the report of the Twenty-third Street Union Republican General Committee without a heading, though that might have appropriately been called the "wars of the men," as you will see, she continued, if you will allow me to read one resolution passed at that meeting. The speaker read the resolution referred to, and then said: In fact, one cannot take up a paper these beautiful early September days that is not filled with the wars of the men; too many entirely for our peace-loving and sensitive hearts or heads to understand. The only way in which I can account for the omission of headings to these reports of the wars of the men is that these captions are written by some masculine wit, who is decidedly partial to jokes on women, and these slips are placed in a box for the use of the general corps of editors; and, as there were no slips of the "wars of the men" in the box, the editor could not bestow it upon either his Republican or Democratic brethren. Now, shall we not respectfully inform these men that we are unwilling to monopolize all these delicate attentions, neither are we willing to consume the time and brains of these men employed to bias readers with respect to our sayings and doings. It seems to me that we ought to have equality conceded to us by every man, even though he be an editor. I therefore move the following resolution:

Resolved, That, as intelligent, Christian women, desiring the good of mankind by fairness and equality, we protest against the unworthy prejudice which is shown in the attempt to degrade our voices and work, by dreadful and often vulgar sentences placed above the reports of our meetings, conventions, and public gatherings. And, furthermore, while we do not assume to be either statesmen or orators, we do feel that every class of intelligent, law-abiding citizens are entitled to courtesy and the right of careful, honest, and respectful representation.

MISS ANTHONY IS USED TO IT.

Miss Anthony said it was all very well to say this, and to pass such a resolution, but the same thing had been going on for twenty years, and would continue as long as women were disfranchised. Had they the right to vote, they would be spoken of in the most dignified terms—as men are spoken of; as they speak of Mr. Belmont, or Mr. Greeley, or any other man who can wield a vote, and until that right was granted they must be content to be the butt of ridicule.

MRS. STANTON WOULD LIKE MORE OF IT.

Mrs. Stanton said she thought it really served a good purpose, this way in which their meetings were reported, because there were many people who liked to read anything that appeared ridiculous, and every editor knows what will suit his readers, and a great many people read the reports of their meetings now that would never read them if they were reported with all gravity, and many of the reports of these meetings had been very correct beneath all the ridicule. The *World* had ridiculed them kindly, but had reported them very fully.

MR. GREELEY'S EDITORIALS TOO LONG AND DRY.

Many of these young men with such beautiful reports about them, were really very favorable to them, but most people like something stirring. There were Mr. Greeley's articles on political economy, they were ably and wisely written no doubt, but they were long and dry, and if they were dressed up in a

little of that ridicule dealt out to them so unsparely, they would be more read. Contrast with them the Parsee letters of the *World*; both were on the same subject, yet she thought that a great many more people read the latter than the former. If Mr. Greeley's letters could be put in a pleasant way, why even women would read them. As long as this ridicule serves a useful purpose, they must not mind it. She thought women should not be so nervous as to notice what people said about them; so long as they were right and doing their duty they need not fear.

MRS. WILBOUR LIKES IT, BUT NOT TOO MUCH OF IT.

Mrs. Wilbour said that there were some things which were not even respectable, such as, for instance, "Elizabeth don't care a rap." Mr. Dana would not speak of a man in that style; she liked a little ridicule, but not too much of it. The articles on Mrs. Stowe, written by men, are enough to make any woman blush; they did not ask to be treated fairly from motives of gallantry, but from respect.

MRS. STANTON KNOWS HOW TO FIX THEM.

Mrs. Stanton said the best thing they could do was to start a daily paper of their own, and then treat men as they were treated by them, and then she thought they could give them all they desired; she knew that Mr. Dana sympathized with them in all that they were doing. If these things got into the paper it was because he was out of town, and it is the same with Mr. Greeley. He has said that there has been enough of this twaddle about women.

THEY DESIRE TO MEET THE ENEMY.

Mrs. Somerville said that she had understood that Mrs. Bropson had prepared a paper against Woman Suffrage, and she would like to hear it. Mrs. Stanton said that Mrs. Bronson was not present, but that no doubt she would, if called on, readily respond, and if she succeeded in making a good argument against Woman Suffrage, she would do more than any man had yet been able to do; so, next Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Bronson was invited to read her paper.

THEIR POLLING PLACES.

Mrs. Wilbour said that it had been urged as an argument against Suffrage, that delicate women could not go to the polls with the rough crowd of men who frequented those places, but she was willing to leave all that to the future; she had no doubt but that when the right to vote was granted them the proper places would be provided for them to vote in; they could have places to vote in for ladies only; the law of supply and demand would settle all that.

THEY WILL HAVE FOUNTAINS AND FLOWERS.

Mrs. Stanton said one would suppose that they never went with men anywhere; why, they went everywhere with them; she sits down to the table every day and eats with six great men, and except for a little tobacco smoke now and then, they were very pleasant to have in the house, and in the time to come they will go to the polls with them, arm and arm, just as they now go down Broadway, and we shall have beautiful polling places, not the hideous booths as at present, but beautiful temples adorned with fountains and flowers on all sides, for there is nothing so sacred as that simple rite of citizenship, that will be greatly dignified in the future time. Men and women will celebrate their election day when it comes round with the same holy reverence that the Jews celebrate their national feast, and the two

sexes will be more united then than now. It was said that it would introduce discord; but, instead of that, it would promote harmony. There were many households to-day in which there was not harmony, but they would be fewer in the future. It was not a pretty face that would hold a man beside a woman. It was nobility of character, virtue, and power of mind. If a man has all he needs at home, he will not wander; he will sit down and worship at that shrine. (Applause.)

THEY MUST LEARN TO CLAP.

There was one criticism of the reporters, that when they wished to express their satisfaction there was a gentle rustling of fans. She thought they ought to come early to their meetings, and practice and learn to clap hands just as men do.

Mrs. Wilbour said she had noticed that men always spit a little tobacco juice before they began to clap. She hoped they would not have to learn to use tobacco. After some further remarks by Mrs. Barlow and others the meeting adjourned.

PROTECTION.

I ONCE knew a man who, meeting another, beside an old hollow log on the bank of a river, accosted him with—"Friend, I saw a mink run into that log; now, you crawl into the *further end*, and I will into *this*, and we'll catch him." He did so, when Mr. A. proceeded to roll off the log into the river. After much scrambling he succeeded in getting Mr. B. safe to land, saying, as he did so, "I declare, if I had not been here you would have drowned!"

Many people are getting aroused to the fact that men and women do not belong to two distinct races, notwithstanding the idea has prevailed for ages. But so deeply has it become inwrought in our very nature, that one sex is the divinely appointed protector of the other, that it is like "dividing asunder soul and spirit" to eradicate the notion.

In a recent article in *THE REVOLUTION*, entitled "Safety for Women," after details of outrages upon the persons of certain ladies, the writer makes this appeal:

"Will you tell me if there is no way by which we can persuade men to take measures that will ensure us, as far as possible, against the chances of such horrible outrages?"

One would think that since the creation, this "persuading men" has had a fair trial, and it is evident that the writer of the article quoted is not satisfied with the results of the process. How long would it have taken southern slaveholders to give up their peculiar institution? Or, suppose we persuade the Emperor of France that his people ought to be allowed to govern themselves, if they are ready and willing. It is slow work, trying to convince an offending faction of the privileges they owe to a more unselfish class, and the most natural thing in the world for the oppressor to ignore the sufferings of the oppressed. The true remedy lies in a different direction. Let the process of persuasion be applied to women until they are inclined to assume their God-given right, and when they prove that they are in earnest in the matter, there is no power in the universe that can withstand their united efforts. The salvation of woman depends solely on her own action, and there remains no alternative, but she must work it out for herself. Education must come

first, and be followed by the ballot, the great equalizer of all classes, and the essential step towards woman's social and political equality.

THE REVOLUTION is doing a great work in educating the masses, and with the other influences brought to bear on the question, will bring about that state of things so desirable to true men and women.

J. A. TENNEY, M.D.
Hill, N. H., August 20th.

COBWEBS.

Nor far from our beautiful Bluff City, resides a farmer with a wife whose health is much impaired, a family consisting of self, husband and three or four children; she does the work of the family, cooking, washing, making, mending, churning and, if I have been correctly informed, drives a team to the city morning and evening with the milk of the dairy for shipment. Not long since, after one of those fatiguing days of labor, a carriage loaded with friends drove up to the door. "Oh!" said she to her husband, "I am so tired, I do hope they will not stay." With a very complacent look upon his lordly face, gazing up at the ceiling, said he, "I do wish you would find time to sweep down that cobweb." Who in this case ought to have had the right of Suffrage? She who, without health, worked from early dawn till dark twilight hours to keep the little flock together. S. C.

Elgin, Illinois.

Let no one for a moment suppose that we regard the drive to town a hardship—that we think it a good thing for two reasons.

1. She enjoyed the exhilaration of a pleasant drive in the open air.
- 2d. It secured her a short absence from the supervising eye of her lordly husband.—*Ed.*

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Eighteen ladies will be public lecturers this winter.

THE PETTICOAT MOVEMENT.—Woman's Righs has broken out in a mild form in France. A number of restless females, tired of hugging their chains and panting to assert their freedom, have met together in Paris and opened the campaign after the manner of the American specimens of a similar persuasion by a grand feed, in which several gave their experience, and were followed by "able and eloquent" male speakers, who have turned their attention to this business with a view of making money out of it. What a French woman is not capable of accomplishing is not worth contending for; so we may look to see *La Belle France* under petticoat government at an early day.

THE INTERNATIONAL WORKMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—A letter from Lyons, of July 27, to the General Council in London, announced that the strike of the ovalistes had succeeded throughout. The Lyons section of the association expresses its thanks to the brothers and sisters of toil of Rouen, Sarle, Marseilles, Geneve, and other places, for the prompt and generous assistance they have rendered, and promises to return the compliment whenever occasion may require. At the last general meeting of the ovalistes the affiliation to the International Association was unanimously and enthusiastically approved.

According to the new arrangement, the hours of labor are to be from 6 o'clock till 11 o'clock in the morning, and from 1 o'clock till 6 o'clock in the afternoon. The weekly wages of the females is to vary from 11frs. for cleaners and tiers to 12frs. for doublers and folders. The wages of males is to be 3frs. a day for 48 reels. Smaller numbers of reels to be subject to special agreements between the parties concerned. Where the employers provide lodgings they shall not be at liberty to deduct any money, except one frank a week for rent. The furnishing of fuel, etc., is to be suppressed.

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1869.

MAN'S CHIVALRY TO WOMAN.

"*Man to command, and woman to obey,*" has long been the darling theory of the stronger sex—so long that dates are out of the question. This idea, aptly called the Pandora's Box of woman's multi-form wrongs, was evolved in the primitive ages of barbarism, and is co-ordinate with the idea that might is the only rule of right. Man began by enslaving his wife and by eating his captive brother. Two parties were thus made the victims of cruelty and oppression, but with very unequal chances in the great struggle for social and political rights. To one party, servile fealty was the irrevocable doom of physical weakness; to the other, bodily strength furnished a small hope of ultimate emancipation. This hope, small in its germ, and choked in its first development, shot slowly up through cannibalism, slavery, serfdom, and vassalage, grew strong in labor for wages, and at length budded and blossomed in the triumph and recognition of manhood equality. But this was the victory of one party, not of both—of man, not of woman. The few rights accorded to her are such only as have resulted from the amelioration of man's condition. In fact they can hardly be denominated rights, for they still lack the recognition necessary to make them practical. They are, as yet, only the concessions of man's indulgent condescension. Man's gallantry! what is it, but a boast of his own superiority and an insolent fling at woman's weakness?

Christianity and chivalry, it is often remarked, have placed woman on a throne. Let those who boast of the royal position which civilization has given to woman, look for additional light in the very use of the words man and woman. While her name has become the synonym of frailty, fickleness, and levity; a little word of only three letters has been made to embrace in its signification every human being that has ever lived on the planet. In science, literature, and art, man is the central word around which the word woman revolves as a mere nebulous satellite. In Holy Writ, also, man is all in all. Genealogies begin with the father and end with the son. Eve never had any descendants! Moses, though careful to give both the names and histories of the sons of Adam, forgot to mention even the names of the daughters. It is man that fell and man that is to be redeemed, but who ever heard of the fall of woman! Earth, heaven, and hell are the three spheres assigned to man; but neither philosophers, divines, nor prophets have been able to determine even one for woman. How is all this explained? Is it that man and woman are one? Unfortunate for woman, man is always the one. The historian reaches the climax of the account, when he states that man was made with a soul, but woman without a soul, from a superfluous bone of Adam. Ever since that ominous day, she has been regarded by a majority of "the gallant sex" as a being without a soul, and therefore without independence.

Some have cursed her birth, and destroyed

her as soon as known; others have tolerated her as "a desirable calamity"—as an evil, necessary to the continuation of the species, and fit only to be the slave and drudge of man; others have enshrined her as a being "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," and others, to guard her feminine purity, have forced upon her the sequestered life of a nunnery. All such disparaging views have a common origin in that universal creed: "man to command and woman to obey."

If this creed be true, then all arguments for enfranchising woman are vain; it is important, therefore, that this point be settled at the very outset. If man is to command, it is evident that his right to do so must come either from nature or revelation. If it come from one, it must also come from the other, for there can be no real antagonism between nature and true revelation: for the same reason, if it do not come from one, it cannot come from the other. So far, then, as truth or argument is concerned, only one of these needs enter into the discussion. The question, therefore, with perfect fairness and consistency, may be considered with reference to nature alone. First, I will consider briefly the Biblical side of the question. The advocates of Suffrage for Woman have been stigmatized as infidels, in a manner that evinces far less regard for truth than for victory, though won by a cowardly thrust. Conservatism, shrinking from the light of reason, has marshalled its texts, and raised the shout of "infidelity," in the vain hope of checking reform. Thus has the Bible, too often been made the baluster of prejudice. It is worthy of note that no great reforms, whether political, scientific, social, or ecclesiastic, have ever been inaugurated that have not been compelled to pass the ordeal of Scriptural condemnation. The anathemas that thundered forth from the Vatican against the great German reformer contained no word more terrible than "heretic." When Galileo announced his belief in the Copernican system, the vengeance of the priesthood vented itself in the cry of "heresy," and in the tortures of the Inquisition. That venerable old man of seventy years was compelled, with his hand upon the Gospels, to say that he "abjured, detested, and abhorred the heresy of the earth's motion around the sun." But as the old man tottered out from the presence of his persecutors, he muttered to himself: "It does move, nevertheless." So the world believes to-day. In the world's great *sentina* of false theories and notions, you search in vain for one that has not been labelled with a text. Well might the poet of poets put in the mouth of Bassanio:

What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text."

Slavery was defended until its latest hour as an institution of divine origin; and the cry of "infidelity" was made a gag to silence its opponents. Intemperance, too, has been ticketed with a "Thus saith the Lord." So the freedom of woman has been restricted to limits, said to have been fixed by the fiat of God; and, incredible as it is, men are not wanting whose chivalrous souls, without recoil, will permit them to say that their lordship over woman was divinely ordained. Despotism and oppression, from the remotest ages, have ever claimed the sanction of divine oracles. Millions of human beings have been put to death by the most horrid engines of torture that a diabolical ingenuity could invent; yet all this was said to be done to the glory of God. Why has the Bible been

made responsible for every form of human wickedness? The answer is not doubtful. It is a voluminous work; many parts of it are historical or incidental; hardly a subject of thought or experience can be named that has not been touched upon, directly or indirectly, by some one of its authors. Men have seized upon those passages that are both local and temporary in their explanation and application; and, interpreting the word to suit the preconceived idea, have succeeded in palming upon the world the grossest impositions as inspired truths. In this way the inequitable social and political relations of woman have been maintained against reason and justice. The readiness and gusto with which sayings of Moses and Paul are cited, often evince a narrowness that seems almost incompatible with honesty. True, Paul has alluded incidentally to woman several times in his epistles; but never has attempted to define her political sphere. The passages usually quoted from his writings, have reference to the customs of the East, which proves conclusively that they are not universal in their application, and therefore not ultimate authority. Even could Paul be justly charged with having sanctioned the wretched condition of woman in his time, would it follow that that condition must be perpetuated? Does any one suppose that Paul was infallible? He, doubtless, believed that the earth was fixed in the centre of the universe, and that the sun, moon, and stars revolved around it; shall we, therefore, subscribe to the Ptolemaic system?

WOMAN'S PET VIRTUE.

JOHN STUART MILL says that when public sentiment demanded "delicacy" of woman as her most charming characteristic, women felt called upon to have turns of fainting or hysteria on all those sudden occasions, when clear thought or prompt action would have been more available, but in the progress of civilization, as greater vigor of mind and body was called for, by an improved manly taste, these graceful weaknesses went quite out of fashion.

In our day women, instead of continually fainting in men's arms, now arm and equip themselves to do battle by land and sea, buffeting the waves of vice and crime as well as old ocean, to save struggling men from death and destruction.

The next feminine weakness he suggests for serious consideration, is the womanly passion for "self-sacrifice." This has been theoretically presented to woman so long by crafty, selfish teachings as the acme of her virtues, and so patiently practiced, that all women have fallen into a kind of iuane apathy over their slavish condition: and a religious cant, in its acceptance, as divinely ordained, that is the most hopeless and humiliating feature of their present degradation. The religious faith of woman has been so perverted and played upon, that she has really come to think that the chains that hold the mothers of the race slaves to their own sons, were forged by the hand of the living God, and that there is no human sacrifice He so much enjoys as this annual holocaust of womanhood, from weakness, weariness and vice; from overwork, unhappy marriages, excessive maternity, prostitution, and from a humiliating dependence on man for her daily bread. The mass of women sacrifice themselves to their cloths, houses, children, fashion, custom, and their fathers, brothers or husbands at home.

The parable of the ten virgins (Matthew, xxv.) is full of instruction to those women, who never keep their own individual lamps trimmed and burning, but let all the talents God has given them, perish in their endless ministering to the animal wants of those about them. It may be a startling utterance, but nevertheless true, that a woman's first duty is to herself; to develop all the powers and capacities of her own soul and body, to secure health, happiness and freedom; perhaps it is equally startling to assert that womanhood is more than wifehood or motherhood, because it is a more universal fact. Hence the discussion of this question should always turn on the rights of woman, not of wives or mothers which are incidental relations.

With everything as free to woman as man, in the world of thought and action, why may not her pet virtue of "self-sacrifice," like the ancient fainting and hysteria, give place to the moral heroism of self-reliance and self-support, all those active virtues which would make them the real, equal helpers of men in the serious work of life. In conversation with a highly educated woman, not long since, we chanced to speak of the provoking patience with which women endure wrongs they could easily escape, if they only had a little more will-power. "Ah," said she, "that is the Christ in woman!"

We felt then, and still feel that she was wrong in her conception of the character of Jesus, ever brave and heroic, entrenching himself on high moral principle, denouncing to the death, the vices and crimes, the opinions and customs of his day and generation. What in his humanity he could not escape, he bore with a patient grandeur that commands our love and admiration, but where resistance was possible he verified his words, that he came not to bring peace on earth, but a sword. The one defect in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which well illustrates woman's misconception of her mission on the earth, is the perversion of his deeply religious nature, making him, through it, a mere abject slave, and by his example quenching rather than kindling the fires of liberty for his race.

What may be Godlike for a man to do, when all the consequences culminate in one person, and one act, may be most calamitous in its far-reaching results, as a precedent or a principle of action. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

True religion sets men and women free, it does not hold them supinely down to endure the slow, dwarfing, crippling, withering of all those powers that in their growth and development would make them more like gods than men. Religion is a perception of the moral laws that govern the universe, a conscientious observance of them, and a worshipping love of their divine author.

They are the world's saviors, who at any personal sacrifice bravely battle for the truth, who never crouch at the feet of error to secure a transient peace and prosperity for themselves.

THE New York Sun of Tuesday has a brilliant article in favor of Woman Suffrage. Knowing that its accomplished editor, Mr. Dana, not only viewed public affairs from an independent stand-point, but possessed a remarkably clear vision, and had a wise forecast of coming events, we felt certain that his able journal would reach this high ground of principle in advance of any of his metropolitan contemporaries. We shall publish his statesman-like article in our next number.

TO "THE WORLD," FOOLISHNESS.

In a long editorial, the *World* arraigns us most unreasonably for our illogical reasoning and inelegant rhetoric in our "Morale of the Byron case." After barring all the college doors against the daughters of the state, leaving them in happy ignorance of Hedge, Blair, Whateley and Stewart, do those gentlemen imagine that we can pick up logic and style on the sidewalk. Perhaps when women generally begin to read and think and write, they will have a style peculiarly their own and reject altogether the grammar, rhetoric and logic of those old male worthies to whom the *World* so tenderly refers.

The *World* complains that it cannot understand us—that is nothing; there are many things the *World* cannot understand. "The Financial Legislation of the Republican party," (so clear to the philosopher of the *Tribune*) is a botch and jumble to the *World*, and the *World's* "Greenback Policy" is the same to Mr. Greeley. There is nothing more common than for two wise men even, to find it impossible to understand each other. Then why wonder that a man does not understand a woman. But the *World* is not satisfied in arraignment us for what we have done and are doing, but it tells of some irreverent things we would do, had we lived in Greece or should we ever reach the celestial city. It says:

Whatever Mrs. Stanton may think, the Byron scandal is not a suitable text upon which to build a discourse touching the relations of the sexes and the necessity of revising them by statute. This latter theme engages, of late, the attention of some of the foremost thinkers in the world. For Mrs. Stanton to invade the council where deep browed philosophers sit serenely upon their tripods, endeavoring to disentangle the inextricable and solve the insoluble, is perhaps natural enough in view of her well-known earnestness and energy of character. She would bairn the archangel Michael, or clamor amid the Amphyctyons, or contradict the seven wise men of Greece, if her humor seemed to impel her to these courageous exercises.

It would not be from any lack of reverence, if we should do all these daring deeds, but because we know from the experience of 6,000 years that the feminine thought is as necessary as the masculine in rounding out and perfecting all great ideas. If the divine poets are reliable, Michael has failed to keep order in Heaven; in spite of the seven wise men, the Grecian republic is a myth, and the true relations of the sexes never can be determined until "the deep-browed philosophers" share their tripods with the wise and true women of their times. Like Socrates, the *World* must sit at the feet of some Diotima and learn wisdom there, it will then know many things from woman's spiritual intuitions, beyond the power of man's unassisted reason to discover. There is no created intelligence for which we have such profound reverence as a wise man, unless it be a wise woman.

WHO EDUCATES THE MINISTERS.—The late Mrs. Mary Rogers of Newark, N. J., bequeathed seven hundred dollars to the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, in Newark, to aid in the education of indigent young men in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and two thousand dollars for constituting an entire and independent scholarship in the same Seminary, and one thousand dollars to aid indigent young men in obtaining a theological education.

THE Rev. Miss A. J. Chapin, Universalist, has been made a professor in the Jefferson Liberal Institute of Wisconsin.

CHICAGO SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

A WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION was held in Chicago on Thursday and Friday last week. Mrs. Livermore of the *Agitator* was elected President. Vice-President—Mrs. Longley, of Ohio; Mrs. Walhite, of Indiana; Mrs. Hazard, of St. Louis; Mrs. Adams, of Iowa; Mrs. Bishop, of Minnesota; Professor Stone, of Michigan. Secretary—Amanda M. Way, of Indiana. Treasurer—Kate M. Dogget of Chicago.

The committee on resolutions reported the following:

Resolved. That woman should be immediately freed from all legal disabilities, whether affecting her relations to the family, to society, or to the State, and in all these relations should be recognized as man's equal and companion.

Resolved. That as a portion of the body politic, the women of the State of Illinois have a right to be consulted in the government of the State, and particularly in the framing of the new constitution.

Resolved. That the distinction of sex is no proper basis for restricting the right of Suffrage, and that all restrictions of the Suffrage not founded upon reason should be at once removed.

Resolved. That our colleges and other institutions of learning should be open to young women upon the same terms as to the other sex, and all the avenues of labor and business should be open equally to both sexes.

Mr. Henry Blackwell, Lucy Stone, Madam D' Herricourt, Susan B. Anthony, Judge Waite, Mrs. Willard, author of *Sexology*, Miss Kate M. Dogget, and many others debated the resolutions in earnest and eloquent remarks.

Mrs. Adams, of Iowa, gave an account of the work in Iowa. The legislature, she said, was ready to give them all they desired, and all the men in the state seemed disposed to lend a helping hand in the premises. Miss Lillie Peckham reported on the state of the cause in Wisconsin, Lucy Stone from New England, Mrs. Henry from Kansas, Mrs. Langley from Ohio and Mrs. De Geer from Canada. All the reports were most encouraging, and in most instances accompanied with eloquent and valuable remarks. The Convention lasted two days and appears to have increased in interest to the last.

THE CHURCH UNION.

THIS weekly religious journal, edited by our friend, Rev. Crammond Kennedy, has appeared for the last two weeks in a new and most improved form. As Mr. Kennedy has long been a devout reader of **THE REVOLUTION** and found the great convenience of sitting down to read a paper without folding and unfolding it a dozen times, looking for a knife or to cut the leaves, the happy thought struck him one day that he would follow *our example*, and lo! here is the *Church Union* cut, and stitched, clear paper, coarse print, while common sense, liberal thought and a good spirit pervades its columns. It is now published by J. B. Ford & Co. Henry Ward Beecher is to be one of its regular contributors, and after the first of January we understand he is to take the editorial chair. For this we are devoutly thankful, for if wise, virtuous, far seeing, godly men are needed anywhere, it is at the head of journalism in this country. The *Church Union* of September 4th has an able editorial on "the abuse of criticism," showing of how little real value the opinion of the press, as now conducted, is on any subject.

The *Church Union* is the only metropolitan journal, beside our own, that has defended Mrs. Stowe against the wholesale abuse that

has been so indiscriminately showered upon her. It is also sound on Woman Suffrage, which is no doubt in measure due to the fact that Mrs. Kennedy is "strong minded." We refer to this supposed influence, because it is the fashion now for all great men to attribute their strength as well as weakness on every given question to the women of their choice.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

From the New York Tribune.

It is rather a funny state of things to be sure when a bold female reformer gets ahead of THE REVOLUTION and the Woman's Bureau, and teaches even their stalwart champions that there are realms of freedom beyond the utmost goal of their aspiring souls. Yet this is what was done yesterday, in the moist and odorous regions of Communipaw, when lovely woman burst upon the gaze of drovers and butchers in the hitherto untried capacity of a live stock reporter. Moved by what amazing impulse we cannot say, one of our morning contemporaries has delegated to a fair member of the gentler sex that function, of all the various employments of a journalist, which seems to demand the rudest health, the stoutest limbs, and the heaviest cowhide boots. Poking among the cattle pens, counting calves and pigs, and figuring out the cost of beef on the hoof, this adventurous lady will have opportunities of self-discipline far beyond those of most of her sex, and will see what sweet boons tyrannical man has hitherto kept for himself. Should she succeed in her enterprise, we tremble a little at the prospect of what must follow. If lovely woman can be a cattle-market reporter, we don't see why lovely woman can't be a policeman,—and where are you then?

"Lovely woman" intends to be a policeman? We advocated that idea in our conventions long ago. Uniformed and paid by the state, with a star on her breast and a sceptre in her hand, to counsel and protect the youthful wanderers of her own sex, would not woman patrol our streets at the midnight hour with a holier mission than she now does? Yes, good Tribune, we mean to explore the highways and byways, to hedge round the quagmires and pitfalls in this great wilderness of life where so many of our fairest sons and daughters have stumbled and gone down.

As to the cattle market, we have always longed for the day when the whole animal creation could be under the care of woman, and now that women are to have an opportunity to report the fearful abuses visited on these dumb creatures, we hope man's cruelty will be dressed in such vivid colors, that he will come to feel ashamed of his own wickedness. Rosa Bonheur studied anatomy in the slaughter houses of Paris, and the world of art was enriched by her gross associations. This live stock reporter may do as grand a work by her pictures in the field of benevolence. Do not be afraid of ruddy health, stout limbs and cowhide boots. Sidney Smith says, that after everything is done to make all men and women wise and strong, there will always be dolls and dandies enough left to supply the demand. If the delicacy, refinement, aesthetic tastes of the Tribune's editorial staff unfit them, for affiliation with this new type of womanhood, there will be plenty left to comfort them and to reflect their dilettanti tastes and virtues, on their plane of development.

Pray, do not tremble at the coming prospect, for by some happy accident, you may, in the good time coming, take to growing yourselves, and men never care how wise or strong women are, if they are only big enough to look down on the best of them.

From the New York Tribune.

The ladies of Miss Anthony's Association feel hurt because these villainous newspapers are not impressed with the dignity of the Twenty-third street conversa-

tion, and venture now and then upon a mild sort of joke when speaking of their high assemblies. For our own part, we can aver that we never approach the Bureau without a sensible accession of solemnity, and would no more think of profaning its mysteries with irreverent mirth than of giving out conundrums in Plymouth Meeting-House. If we speak of these lovely women now and then in a laughing and humorous sort of way, it is because of the mollifying effect which feminine charms always produce upon the philosophic mind. One must smile sometimes, and we smile when we are pleased. The ladies propose expanding as soon as possible into a daily newspaper, wherein they can get all the dignity and attention they want. We heartily wish them success, and hope they will enjoy the work.

The philosophic mind needs no nullifying, it always sees everything from a purely scientific point of view. It knows that progress is the law of life, and that all old things must pass, and all things become new. Does the Tribune suppose that in this general escapading of all animal, mineral, and vegetable life, that American women are to stand still? But we rejoice that, at last the Tribune is pleased and can smile. Now if it will only smile intelligently, think a little, and write something sensible on Woman's Suffrage, it would find its feet in paths of pleasantness and peace, coming joyfully to the Bureau, with all its solemnity lost in a sweet and loving confidence, that woman has the good sense to know her own needs and the best way to serve them. Oh! no, we are not the least hurt only as we share in the general mortification of the American people, that the tone of our public press is not as dignified, liberal, moral and magnanimous as it should be, in representing the first institutions and the best government on the earth.

From the New York World.

There is one feminine question of immediate and personal application which engages the minds of young women to-day far more than the cloudy glories of the lot. That is, can't they go to the theatre alone? Fourteen women in a body are alone without a man's escort. This question bears directly on the privileges of a great number of unmarried girls not sufficiently interesting to secure a constant masculine attendance. Popular feeling gives woman every day wider scope in the lesser liberties. Thirty years ago, it was thought unsafe for a lady to visit a picture gallery by day alone; now the closest "decoit," to use Poe's expressive word, thinks no more of strolling through the academy unattended than of sitting in her own parlor. Several women in New York whose position secured them from criticism have already for years taken the freedom of attending theatres alone—that is, with only female companions. The result shows that they have nothing to complain of, in chivalrous New York, at least. In a city so well guarded as this, where stages roll direct to all theatres and policemen on every block, no woman need fear to take an evening's quiet amusement in company with her sister or lady friend. This privilege is one which makes it right by taking it. The more frequently women use it the sooner it will become conventionally right. The scrupulous will stare at first, then seeing the convenience of the practice, turn around and make it their own. This is one of the social topics on which the Sorosis might exert a legitimate influence.

It is certainly a terrible piece of slavery that women cannot go anywhere and everywhere alone, and we are inclined to think it is one from which all women could easily escape. It is as easy to make a new custom as a new bonnet, if women see the need of it.

Women are not deterred to-day from going alone, half as much by danger as fashion. Let the press help us to cultivate a right public sentiment on this point, by arraigning those theatres, operas, hotels and restaurants that ignore those women who visit them alone. A highly respectable lady with her little daughter, went to Delmonico's in Fourteenth st., a few weeks since, at 9 o'clock in the evening, and ordered supper. She had just arrived in town, sent her baggage to a friend's house where she was go-

ing to visit, but not wishing to tax them to get her a meal at that hour, she went to Delmonico's and gave her order, after waiting some time, the head waiter came and said that they did not wait on ladies alone at that hour. Will Mr. Delmonico tell us why? Here is something for the Sorosis to inquire into.

THE New York Times of Saturday, September 11th, has a very able review of John Stuart Mill and Horace Bushnell, showing the points wherein they agree and wherein they differ.

The Times thinks when such men devote themselves to the study of a question, there must be something in it. When Mr. Biglow breakfasts at the Woman's Bureau, no doubt we shall have a very philosophical disquisition on the whole subject, so brilliant and able, that even the Tribune will cease to smile and give a fair report. Let the Sun and the World get their pencils sharpened, for this event is to come off as soon as Miss Dickinson returns from California.

Mr. Biglow is evidently studying the great question.

BROWN UNIVERSITY AND WOMAN.—The alumni committee of this popular institution have recommended that women be admitted to its privileges and honors equally with men. The recommendation was not formally adopted by the faculty, but it is said no passage in the whole report was so warmly applauded as that advocating the education of the sexes together, and the way in which the suggestion was received, shows that Brown is quite as advanced on this point as most of the older colleges of New England, and it is quite certain that it will never be far behind the foremost of them.

HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.—The Boston Congregationalist says:

We heard a fact related the other day, upon unquestionable authority, which saddened and amazed us. It was to this effect, that at a late "birthday" given by a little girl, and attended by her playmate boys and girls, five different kinds of wine made a portion of the entertainment, which was partaken with great gusto by the happy crowd. This was supported by another fact,—that a little boy, whose birthday was approaching, and who greatly desired to give a party in honor of it, was deterred from so doing by the parental interdict of wine as a portion of the feast, and by feeling that so many unpleasant remarks would be made if such a party were given without wine, that it would be preferable to ignore the occasion altogether.

MADAME OLYMPE AUDOUARD, a literary lady who lectured in the United States last winter, feeling herself aggrieved by an article in the Paris Figaro, has called out M. de Villemessant. This fiery authoress begs to inform the editor of the Figaro that he need have no scruples as to accepting her challenge, seeing that she is a widow, and has neither father nor brother. She is, moreover, a capital shot, and informs her adversary that a ball fired by a feminine hand is quite as murderous in its result as any other. We have not heard the result of the challenge.

VAPOR BATHS.—Dr. Davis, at 35 East 27th street, administers in variety, the vapor baths. Medicated, they are recommended and used by the most eminent physicians, of all the different schools, in this city; while as a means of cleanliness only, the simple, unmedicated bath is worth a great deal more than its cost, as we have more than once proved.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE

BY JENNY P. D'HERICOURT.

ERNESTINE LOUISE SUSMOND PO'OWSKY was born in Peterkoff Tribunalski, in Poland, on the 13th of January, 1810, of Jewish parents. Her father was a very learned, virtuous and rich Rabbi, her education embraced a knowledge of the Hebrew language and the Bible. She worshipped her father, but was intelligent, critical, conscientious, true, sincere; consequently her worship of him could not go to weakness and guilty condescension. As a child she did not love God, because her father fasted very severely to please God, and she thought that so harsh a being could not be good. When she was older, as she could neither understand nor approve of many things in the Bible, she asked for explanations.

"You must believe," answered the father, "for it is the word of God."

"Well, father, what proves that God said such things?"

"Tradition, my daughter."

"Then, father, the narrations of men are above reason and sense of justice, which are the eternal and undying views of God in man?"

The poor father, astonished, frightened, shut her mouth by saying: "A young girl does not want to understand the object of her creed, but to accept and believe it."

Blind faith being not in the intellectual capability of Ernestine, she abandoned her religion and external worship. Then her life was an agony, for sincerity made it her duty to resist the father whom she so much loved, and who tormented his child, because he desired her salvation. He hoped to reduce her through marriage; and, against her will, he promised her to one of his fellow-worshippers, pledging himself to give up the fortune of Ernestine, if she did not consent to this union. The poor child wept and knelt at the feet of the young man. "I do not love you," said she, "and feel that I never will. Oh! pray, release me!" But she was beautiful and rich, of course he would not consent to release her. Men are always generous towards themselves.

Such conduct aroused Ernestine. In her opinion, marriage is the result of love, a union between equals, and not between a master and a servant. She refused the man, who demanded the promised fortune as a compensation. Miss Susmond was sixteen. Alone she started for the Tribune of Kalish, who should judge the cause. This journey was full of danger. Her sleigh was nearly broken in an immense plain of snow, and she was obliged to stop there five hours, frightened by the awful howling of hungry wolves, till the driver had repaired it. Arrived at Kalish, she herself pleaded her cause, and gained the victory.

When she came back her father was married to a young woman of the same age with herself, and as the temper of the step-mother could not harmonize with Ernestine's, the poor child, fearing to trouble the peace of her father, resolved to leave. She reasoned thus: "Wealth would embarrass and corrupt me, and make me useless, therefore, I will take only that which is necessary to start in business;" and so she did, leaving to her father almost all she had inherited from her dead mother. Generously, the father accepted.

Miss Susmond, being seventeen, went to Berlin, where she lived in a little room on the money she had, inventing a chemical paper to

perfume apartments, in order to get her livelihood in the future. In Berlin she spent most of her time, observing the manners and studying the laws, and her noble heart ached in seeing so much injustice, and so many miseries there. She understood that inequality is the corner-stone of all evils, and that inequality is the hellish product of selfishness and ignorance.

She left Berlin in June, 1829, and embarked for England, was shipwrecked, and saved only her person and very little money. In London she earned her livelihood by giving lessons in the Hebrew and German languages, and by selling her perfumed paper. When an insurrection broke out in Poland, she set out for her dear country, in order to serve liberty, but was obliged to stop at Coblenz, if she would not be taken prisoner and die in Austrian prisons. Returned back to England, she became a disciple of the philanthropist, Robert Dale Owen, and defended or preached his doctrine before numerous audiences. Soon she met with the excellent Mr. Rose, and they were married by a civil magistrate. With him she came to New York in May, 1836, and from this moment consecrated herself to the triumph of reason and equality between white and black, man and woman. She knew that she should affront the ferocious instincts and selfishness of slaveholders; irritate the imbecility and selfishness of men, who maintain that woman is their serf through divine will; attack the pride of the clergy of all denominations; awake women, at that time, so intellectually debased, that they refused to acknowledge their dignity and rights, and hated and laughed at her. Such a prospect, far from discouraging, nerved her for the battle. She was a mother and a housekeeper. She was not rich, but she faithfully fulfilled the duty prescribed by her conscience and love of humanity.

Her good husband joyfully labored to pay all the expenses necessary to her numerous journeys through the country; for, be it remarked, that never did she receive one cent from anybody for delivering any address, and that she often paid the rent of the hall in which she delivered her lectures. The reward of this devotion was hatred and calumnies. Because she did not accept the creeds of the churches, she was called an atheist, a dangerous woman, a hellish spirit, and a paper of Bangor, Maine, stated, "that it would be shameful to listen to this woman, a thousand times below a prostitute." In Charlestown, the clergy forbade their parishioners to listen to "the female devil, so bold as to contest the right of the South to hold their own slaves." Notwithstanding, men went to hear her addresses, and sometimes women went also.

It would make this sketch too long to relate all the services she rendered to the cause of anti-slavery, freedom, reason and tolerance. Certainly, she has contributed a great deal toward inspiring Americans with respect for intellectual freedom. She holds only to rational principles, is firm, courageous, disdainful of the attacks of narrowness, prejudice and bigotry. Like all great characters, she loves mankind in spite of their faults and ingratitude, and serves them faithfully. Never has she felt bitterness against her slanderers, never has spoken for fame, never has refuted the slanders against her. She does not care that her services are forgotten by those she has preceded in the difficult path of reform, or to see them take the foremost place among the leaders. She is satisfied to smile at this weakness.

About fourteen years ago she went to Europe

where she was introduced to me. According to the hospitable custom of my dear country, I introduced her to the society of Parisian reformers, by whom she was friendly and honorably welcomed. I wrote her biography, which was translated into Italian, and she came back to New York, full of esteem and love for the French, as are all those who know them in their home and not on the Boulevards. Now, you know, she is on her way to France again, where she hopes to re-establish her health.

Chicago, June 25, 1869.

—Agitator.

SUFFRAGE CONVENTIONS.—A Cincinnati dispatch says, Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, E. Cady Stanton, and other speakers have been secured for the Woman's Suffrage State Convention to be held there this week on Wednesday and Thursday. Arrangements have been made with most of the railroads to carry passengers at half fare. The St. Louis daily *Democrat* announces even more elaborate preparations for the gathering to be held in that city on the 6th and 7th of October.

MR. MILL'S NEW BOOK.—The Springfield *Republican* says truly that Mr. Mill's book, on the "Subjection of Women," is having a great sale in England. It has been translated into French and German. In this country it has not attracted all the notice it deserves, but is growing rapidly into notice and favor.

MRS. NICHOLAS SMITH declines the office of Vice-President, for Kansas, of the Woman's National Suffrage Association, and strongly recommends Mrs. Helen Starrett of Lawrence in her place.

TO OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS.—Please remit your subscription money to THE REVOLUTION through Mrs. Rebecca Moore, No. 2 Darling place, Higher Braughton, Manchester, England.

EVERYBODY CAN HELP.—Now while public attention is wide awake on the subject of women's voting, we urge everybody to help put the right books and the right newspapers before the people. Let each of our present patrons but send us one new subscriber, within the next ten days, and tens of thousands of new people will be supplied not only with THE REVOLUTION, but also with that most admirable and convincing of all the statements yet written—John Stuart Mill's new book on THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.

AGENTS WANTED.—I want to secure an efficient, practical woman in every town and school district of every state in the nation to canvass for THE REVOLUTION and John Stuart Mill's new book on THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN. A liberal per centage will be paid to all who furnish reliable references.

S. B. A.

I HAVE NO HOME.—A poor girl attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into the river at East Saginaw, Michigan, last week, but was rescued by some sailors. She was tired of life, and took this method of ridding herself of misery. Her story was told amid broken sobs, that spoke a deeper misery than words can. Her preserver finally induced her to give up her intention for the present and go home. "Home," she said, "I have no home; the whole world turns a cold shoulder to me."

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

HULDAH AND HAGAR.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

THE records of sacred history show that there were women in ancient times who dignified every position in which they were placed. As mother, wife, friend; as ruler, counsellor, warrior; as philanthropist, prophet, preacher, some women in every age have been worshipped and honored by the people, though womanhood has ever been regarded as a reproach, and a degradation. The Abimelechs of the forum and the field alike, have cried out for death, by male logic and swords, rather than to be slain by a woman. (*Judges, ix : 54.*)

Huldah the prophetess, of whom we have an account in II Kings, chap. 2, was one of the most trusted counsellors of the youthful Josiah, King of Israel. Judging from her advice to the statesmen of her day, she was a woman of great foresight and spiritual discernment, who, in the midst of an idolatrous people, by daily communion with the Invisible, had learned the immutable laws that govern matter and mind—the true God—to be worshipped, not with fasting, stripes, incense and sacrifice, but by loving words and deeds to the sad and suffering, by justice and mercy, in the judgments of the nation.

While repairing the temple in Jerusalem at that time, a remarkable book was found by the Priests and Scribes, which they took to Josiah, and read aloud in his presence. Being greatly distressed with its contents, and premonitions of coming evil, the King ordered them to go to the prophetess Huldah, for a full interpretation of the will and purposes of Providence. After a diligent examination of the book, she warned the king that God was about to punish his people for their idolatry, and advised him by prompt action to await the threatened danger.

It is a little remarkable, that this official deputation was not sent to Jeremiah, or some other equally distinguished male prophet, as men are supposed to know more than women of civil and educational affairs; yet we have all noticed that in times of deep affliction, the strongest men find comfort in the sublime faith of woman in the triumph of right. Man is grand in action, but when wrecked on a dreary shore, where there is nought to do but watch and pray, when enveloped in darkness, he looks to woman as his chart and compass, for hope and safety. Thus in the hour of trial the King trusted Huldah and followed her advice: "to put an end to idolatry in Judah." Her influence was soon visible in the acts of Josiah. With youthful ardor, he burned the vessels of the gods, broke in pieces the images, poured out the incense, overturned the altars, and drove the false priests out of the temple. But revolutions are not made in a day, and it was not so easy to drive idolatry from the hearts of the people, as to destroy its symbols; to substitute a religion of life and faith, as to abjure one of forms and ceremonies.

When Josiah and his cabinet sought Huldah, to take counsel with her, on grave questions of church and state, where did they find her? "In her appropriate sphere," a mere satellite of the dinner pot and the cradle? No, they found her in the college at Jerusalem, studying science, philosophy, political economy, jurisprudence and government; thoroughly versed

in the politics and theology of the day, and in all the learning of the Rabbins as her superior interpretation of the "Book of the Law" fully proves. The whole account of Huldah is given as naturally as if it were not an unusual thing to take counsel with women in matters of importance, even under the old dispensation. We find nothing said in this connection about Huldah being out of her sphere in discussing national affairs with the statesmen of her day, unless the record of the fact, that Shallum, her husband, was keeper of the robes, might argue an invidious change of employments. If a vision of Shallum in a retired apartment, sewing buttons and tape on royal robes, with Huldah on the housetop exploring planetary worlds, is humiliating to masculine readers, let them remember that even the needle becomes a sceptre of power in the hands of a true soul (*vide A. J.*), whether in the capital of a republic, or the court of a King.

While the Bible gives many instances of the superior courage and wisdom of woman in the hour of danger, and of man's safety in putting confidence in her, it also illustrates the danger of woman's trust in him. Solomon says, "Lean not upon man, but on thy own understanding."

Hagar (whose name signifies stranger) was an Egyptian slave, who was probably given to Abraham by Pharaoh when he dwelt in Egypt. As she was the mother of his first born son, she probably flattered herself that she would always be an object of kind consideration, but her fate in being turned out alone in the world, by the jealousy of Abraham's wife, is a striking instance of what harsh things men will do to extricate themselves from any little family entanglements.

The sketch of Hagar, in the 16th and 21st chapters of Genesis, in her desolation and degradation, alone with her child in the wilderness, sacrificed by the jealousy of her own sex, and driven out by one to whom she had a right to look for protection, is full of instruction, showing the need of cultivating a feeling of self-reliance and independence, in every human soul. This woman, thrown on her own resources by the express order of Heaven, the fact of motherhood even securing her no protection, is a complete answer to the assertion we so constantly hear, "God does not intend woman to support herself, he made her to look up to, and depend on man."

The exit of Hagar from the house of Abraham and Sarah always filled me with indignation. The text says, "And Abraham rose up early in the morning and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar (*pulling it on her shoulder*) and the child, and sent her away and she departed and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba." The whole account of the treatment of Hagar looks so cruel, that commentators try to excuse Abraham by saying that as the child was at least 12 years old she was not obliged to carry him as well as the bread and water on her shoulders. As the text further says that "the thing was very grievous to Abraham because of his son," we cannot see why the great Patriarch did not give them each a mule on which to journey. Sarah seems to have maintained a cold silence and indifference through the whole scene of the departure, which her descendants have carefully imitated towards their fallen sisters ever since, as door after door has been closed against them.

Hagar seems to have wasted no tears or ex-

postulations with her *natural protector*, but with the calm dignity of despair, she took up the burden of life and went forth, and in the solitude of the wilderness, with great Nature in all her majesty and beauty, she learned the power of the human soul, when taught of God, to make for itself a world that no mortal hand can mar, or foot invade. While weeping and praying alone, with her child perishing with hunger and thirst, a voice from heaven said? "What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not," and angels ministered to those rejected of man.

Alas for the Hagers that wander up and down this great wilderness of life, to whom no man brings bread and water, no angels kindly whisper "What aileth thee? fear not!" If God did not intend that woman should be self-dependent, why does she so constantly find herself in that position? If He meant she should depend on man, why is not every woman supplied with a strong right arm, on which to lean, until she is safe the other side of Jordan? We hear much said of Washington Irving's figure of the oak and the vine as representing the relation between man and woman. The oak with a vine twining round it is indeed beautiful, but when the lightning strikes it, or the woodman lays his axe at the root, down come the oak, and vine, and smile, too, for we often see the father of a family struck down, while the wife is left to support not only herself, but half a dozen children. Goethe says, "She is the true woman, who, when her husband dies, can be a father to his children."

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

DEAR MRS. STANTON: In your editorial correspondence of August 3d, you tell us of a young girl in your native town who has, outside of the marriage bond, become a mother. You say it is rumored she is going to sue her seducer for damages, but your advice to her, and all equally unfortunate, is to keep these matters out of our courts and journals, and in self-dependence and self-support learn the virtue and dignity of a true womanhood.

That such a course would be in obedience to the promptings of a true woman, I have no doubt. That these matters are ever made public is most deplorable, for, as you say, they show the degradation and demoralization of our sex.

But suppose in such a case, the one betrayed is obliged, by her own labor, to support herself. Knowing that it requires skill and strength to do this under the most favorable circumstances, how will she do it with the finger of scorn pointed at her from every hand. How will she do it when more than ninety per cent. of our own sex will shut their doors against her and refuse her even the privilege of doing their most menial work?

It seems to me it is the duty of the true and noble among our sex to inaugurate some plan, by which means can be had to support such mothers, or to see that they are provided homes with noble, cultivated women, where they can, when able, support themselves.

Foundling houses are better than no protection for such little ones, but what mother would yield her innocent babe to the care of strangers, paid from the public fund for their services, if there were any chance for her to care for it herself, and society would recognize in her only an erring one, and by proper instruction and encouragement enable her to outlive the wrong she has done her own soul. I once heard a noble, virtuous girl, who, because she was poor, but beautiful and intelligent, and therefore much admired by the stronger sex, had been assailed by the tongue of slander—say in bitterness of spirit—"I have sometimes thought it were as well to be wanting in moral worth as to sustain such a reputation, as well merit calumny as to be pierced by its poisonous arrows," but after a moment's pause, she said: "yet the consciousness of knowing I live a pure life is better than the approbation of the whole world if conscious that I did not." Many a girl is leading a life of infamy to day, because the uncharitable, yes, unjust world forced her to do it, and now refuses her an opportunity to reform.

The plea that if homes were provided for such mothers and children, illegitimate births would multiply, is utterly absurd. Unwelcome children, in and out of marriage, are the fruits of the dependence, ignorance, and consequent degradation of woman.

With the facts of life we must deal, oh! how wisely, until the mothers of the race are so related and educated as not only to be a law to themselves, but a "light to every man that cometh into the world." his guiding star to a true and pure life.

Sincerely yours, MATTIE H. BRINKERHOFF.
Polo, Illinois.

PETALUMA, Cal., August 6, 1869.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE REVOLUTION: Your paper is regularly received and cordially welcomed. I enjoy and appreciate it more than I can express to you in words. Enclosed you will find my subscription for the coming year. If I remember correctly, it does not expire until November. The trifles over please give to the National Woman's Suffrage Association. I hope we shall soon have a branch of this in working order in our fair Golden State. I am sure there are enough living, earnest women, if they could be brought together, in San Francisco or at some central point to do good service in this, the true cause of humanity.

The sentiments in your valuable paper seem like echoes of my own thoughts years ago on this subject. I can well remember the indignant scorn with which that sentence in the constitution, that "all men are created free and equal," filled me whenever I heard it read or spoken.

I was educated in a New England school, with classes of boys fitting for Harvard and Yale colleges. I stood in the same grade of scholarship, and passed an equally rigid examination in presence of the learned professors, and when I expressed my wish to go on with them and fit myself for one of the learned professions, how my blood boiled to be told that "I was a girl, that I had excelled some of the boys, but that it was not女子 to expect to enter college!" The iron did indeed enter my soul, and it has cankered and rankled ever since. I bless God with all my heart that he has raised up so noble an army of martyrs to stake "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" in this most worthy cause. I have used all the efforts in my power, in years of teaching both boys and girls, to impress them with the idea that *their total and absolute equality* was the only ground of their progress in science, virtue and happiness.

What a one-sided affair has society hitherto been! All will admit in general terms that it takes both man and woman to form a family sphere. How absurd then to exclude from all governmental affairs the *best half!* The one fitted by maternal and natural instincts to govern wisely and well. The one whose counsel and advice would unravel many a tangled skein, whose love of order and cleanliness would help to cleanse the "filthy pool of politics" about which we hear so much.

May God speed your noble work! Please enroll my name as a member of your National Association, for I am with you heart and hand in this great work.

Truly yours, MRS. A. A. HASKELL.

THAT women have as good a claim as men, in point of personal right to the suffrage, or to a place in the jury-box, it would be difficult for any one to deny. To declare that a voice in the government is the right of all, and demand it only for a part—the part, namely, to which the claimant himself belongs, is to renounce even the appearance of principle.—Mrs. John Stuart Mill, England.

BLANCHER is for sale by H. Sarles & Son, 1188 Broadway, instead of 1118, as erroneously printed in last week's paper.

FINE SILVER PLATED WARE.—J. L. Harlem & Co., manufacturers of Silver, and Silver Plated Ware, have been long and favorably known at their old stand in Maiden Lane as men of fair dealing and uprightness. There may be found at their extensive establishment, a choice collection of Tea Sets, Castors, Butter Coolers, Baking Dishes, Wine Frames, etc., etc., and what every family needs at this season of the year—a splendid Ice Pitcher, which they have to suit all tastes and pockets. This firm warrants every article to be as they represent them Give them a call. J. L. Harlem & Co., 41 Maiden Lane, New York.

Financial Department.

THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. IV.—NO. 11.

A NICE LITTLE SCHEME

Is on foot to ring the workingmen in to support Judge Chase as the democratic candidate for the presidency, with a platform of which the financial plank is abundant greenbacks, issued by government on the basis of the national debt, at three per cent. interest. This is folly for the workingmen, whose true policy it is to keep aloof from both parties, either of which will use them and sell them out if they get a chance, and neither can be trusted. The financial plank is rotten, and no one would suffer more by it than the workingmen; every one, except the bondholders, will lose by this policy, if it were possible for it to succeed. The owners of bonds would borrow of the government at three per cent. and lend to the active producers of the country at from seven to twelve, while receiving also the interest on their bonds. What we need is paper money, one dollar of which will buy the amount of gold now constituting a gold dollar, or in other words, money equal to gold. We need not, in that case, dispute about whether the bonds are payable in gold or greenbacks, since there is no question that they are payable in the legal-tender dollar, and equally no doubt that it ought to be at par with gold, and that when so, it would be as readily accepted. People don't want that yellow metal, they only want a dollar measured by its power to purchase 23 8-10 grains Troy, of gold.

But what is it that gives its value of one dollar to 23 8-20 grains of gold? Precisely what gives the value to everything possessing it—the amount of labor it costs to produce it. If, by some discovery or invention, twice as much gold should be produced by an hour's labor, as now is, gold would only be worth half as much as now, compared with articles of which the labor cost should remain the same. If then the same amount of gold constituted a dollar, the prices of all other articles measured by dollars would double. This liability to variation in cost is an objection to using any product of labor as the unit of value, but this does not apply to the use of labor itself as the unit. One hour's labor of man or woman is equitably worth one hour's labor of other men or women. And this does not vary with variation in the product of that labor. If I can produce 23 8-10 grains of gold to-day by an hour's labor, and to-morrow twice as many, I am not thereby equitably entitled to demand the product of two hours labor of my neighbor for that gold, if I desire to exchange it for some products of his. But this law of equitable exchange is as yet hardly recognized, much less acted upon, the prevailing pernicious dictum being "a thing is worth what it will bring." Hence it is all right to get a woman's labor for half or less, of what is paid to a man, because physical force enables us to get it.

So it is all right for men to pay a woman five dollars a week for honest labor, and ten dollars for prostituting herself to his lust for an hour. (This is no fancy sketch, but from life—rather death.) Women should understand this law of equity in labor exchange, for all exchange of products or all pay for labor is virtually an exchange of work. You work so

long for me, I work as long for you. You excel in one kind of labor, I in another. I may, if a man, have more physical strength in a coarse way, you, if a woman, more skill and strength of a fine sort. Equity or equality does not imply identity, but correspondence and complement. If two men exchange together, or two women, the same law holds, each excels in something; and this measuring the exchangeable value of articles by the time it costs to produce them makes it sure that every one will work at that kind of labor in which he or she is most efficient, because the price of any product will be fixed by the least time in which a good article can be produced by the best worker. In order that this equitable system of exchange shall be carried into practice it is necessary to have a sort of money that fairly represents labor. For equitable commerce we need honest and true money, measuring by labor and not by any arbitrary product of labor which a few manipulating speculators can control or monopolize. This whole question of money, as to its basis and principles, is simple enough, but it is for the selfish interests of a class to confuse and complicate it and make the people believe they can't comprehend it. The time has come, however, when we propose to think for ourselves.

F. G. C.

THE MONEY MARKET

closed easy on Saturday at 6 to 7 per cent on call. The discount market continues dull with rates nominal at 9 to 12 per cent. The weekly bank statement is regarded as unfavorable, being one of the most remarkable exhibits made by the banks for some time past.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks this week compared with the preceding week:

	Sept. 4.	Sept. 11.	Differences
Loans,	\$202,549,830	\$268,834,533	Inc. \$6,314,694
Specie,	17,461,722	14,941,066	Dec. 2,519,656
Circulation,	33,960,035	33,964,195	Inc. 4,161
Deposits,	191,101,086	188,823,324	Dec. 2,277,762
Legal-tenders,	55,829,782	51,487,867	Dec. 4,341,91

THE GOLD MARKET

was not so strong, the price declining from 137½ on Monday last to 135½ on Saturday, afterwards recovering to 135½, closing at 135½ to 135½.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing
M'nday, Sept. 6.	137	137½	136½	137½
Tuesday, 7.	137	137	136½	136½
Wednesday, 8.	136	136½	134½	135
Thursday, 9.	135½	135½	134½	135½
Friday, 10.	135½	134½	133	135½
Saturday, 11.	135½	135½	135½	135½

The exports of specie during the week were \$56,432.

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

closed steady on Saturday, the rates for prime bankers sixty days sterling bills being 108½ to 108½, and eight 103.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

was dull and irregular with lower prices at the close of Saturday.

The following are the closing quotations:

Cumberland, 33½ to 33½; W., F. & Co. Ex., 18½ to 19; American M. U., 37 to 38; Adams, 58½ to 57½; U. S., to 61½; Mer. Union, 10 to —; Quicksilver, 13½ to 15½; Canton, 58 to 58; Pacific Mail, 77½ to 77½; West. Union Telegraph, 37 to 37½; N. Y. Central, 204½ to 204½; Erie, 37½ to 37½; Erie preferred, 62 to 63; Hudson River, 184½ to —; Harlem, 156 to 157; Reading, 96½ to 96½; Toledo & Wabash 78½ to 79; Tol. & Wabash preferred, 82 to —; Mil. & St. Paul, 76 to 76½; Mil. & St. Paul preferred, 85½ to 85½; Chicago & Alton, 150½ to 150½; Chicago & A. pref., 150 to 152; Fort Wayne, — to —; Ohio & Miss., 31½ to 31½; Michigan Central, 138 to 139½; L. S. & M. So., 101½ to 102; Illinois Central, — to 138; Cleve. & Pitts., 110 to 110½; Rock Island, 111½ to 111½; North Western, 80 to 80½; North Western pref., 80 to 81½; Mariposa, 7½ to 10; Mariposa preferred 12½ to 15.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

were heavy and declined, but steady at the close of Saturday.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

United States currency sixes, 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 110; United States sixes, 1881, registered, 121 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 121 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States sixes, 1881, coupon, 121 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 121 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States five-twentieths, registered, May and November, 121 to 121 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States five-twentieths, coupon, 1862, May and November, 122 to 122 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States five-twentieths, coupon, 1864, May and November, 121 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 121 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States five-twentieths, coupon, 1865, May and November, 121 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 121 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States five-twentieths, registered, January and July, 119 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 120 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States five-twentieths, 1865, coupon, January and July, 120 to 120 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States five-twentieths, coupon, 1867, January and July, 120 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 120 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States ten-twenties, registered, 110 to 110 $\frac{1}{4}$; United States ten-twenties, coupon, 110 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 110 $\frac{1}{4}$.

THE CUSTOM DUTIES

for the week were \$2,630,000 in gold against \$3,114,188, \$3,343,756 and \$3,492,865 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were \$6,988,573 in gold against \$6,522,077, \$7,076,928, and \$5,804,148 for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were \$4,393,783 in currency against \$3,835,019, \$5,581,238, and \$4,168,552 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were \$56,439 against \$335,184, \$168,500 and \$492,981 for the preceding weeks.

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